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The BYSTANDER

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 323.—Vol. XXV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 9, 1910 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

SIR HERBERT TREE AS THE O'FLYNN

The O'Flynn is a compound of Cyrano, D'Artagnan, and the heroes of Samuel Lever's novels. He does not appear to have impressed the critics, but Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy's play may yet be a popular success at His Majesty's Theatre

No. 323—Vol. XXV.

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RACING NOTIONS. BY CARBINE.

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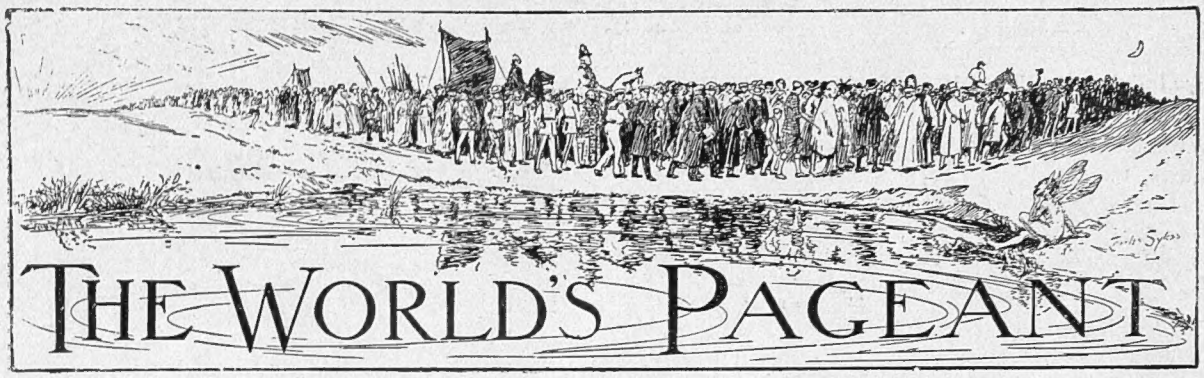


THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

A Balsquith Government

WHO is going to run the Government? After careful consideration of the question, I think I can tell you. It will be Mr. Balsquith! Mr. Bernard Shaw gave him to us in name, but the recent General Election has given him to us in fact. My terrifying proposition is this. Let Mr. Asquith once for all realise that he, and the Imperial Liberals, can no longer walk the same way as the George-Churchill-cum-Labour-Nationalist allies. Let him, then, while retaining office himself, throw on his unwelcome colleagues the alternatives of resignation or submission. If they resign, let Mr. Asquith approach Mr. Balfour, and let them form a joint Ministry, composed of Imperial Liberals and Unionists. Sir E. Grey and Mr. Haldane would retain their offices, while the two other State Secretaryships would fall to Unionists, the lesser posts being divided fairly equally. Whatever Government we have in the next Parliament must be a mixed breed, because no one party has an absolute majority. Liberals or Tories can only rule by kind permission of either Mr. Redmond or Mr. Keir Hardie, or both. Neither of the two great parties can touch that kind of pitch without being defiled. But both of them must catch hold of something. Why not each other?

Bringing Him Safely Home

A striking snapshot in the flooded streets of Paris. We do not guarantee the identities of the occupants of the boat, but the Premier and Mr. Lloyd George were expected to pass through the city on their return from their political conferences at Cannes, and it is said that the latter had the former, as usual, well in hand

And Its Programme

The new Liberal-Unionist Coalition would secure a majority in the new House, and they might do worse than agree on some such programme as the following:

Reform of the House of Lords.
Modification of the Late Budget.
Naval Reorganisation and Increased Construction.
Poor Law and other Social Reforms.
Irish Reforms (in Agreement with Nationalists).

As to Tariff Reform, it is recognised that the nation's latest verdict is a negative. Whatever happens, no tariffs can be imposed until another General Election has authorised them. Let Tariff Reformers continue their agitation in the country. Let the new Cabinet meanwhile endeavour to secure an agreement to try a limited experiment. In any case, let the Balsquith Ministry be a Ministry of National Defence, Constitutional and Social Reform—and let it come soon!

"Facilis Descensus"

In view of the manner in which responsible Radical journals have introduced the King's name into party controversies, it is not surprising that non-responsible journals should follow suit. That a halfpenny illustrated daily should, however, descend to the depths of reproducing in its columns an American cartoon which depicts our respected Sovereign in the pantomimic garb of an Irishman regarding himself in the mirror, is incredibly scandalous. It is only fair, however, to the proprietor, as a loyal and respected citizen, to assume that he was unaware of the publication.

Royal Arrangements

Although, owing to the exigencies of the political situation, the date of the King's departure for his annual spring holiday in the South of Europe has not yet been definitely fixed, dates for the several ceremonies at which His Majesty will officiate prior to his departure are now announced. The whole of next week will be occupied by Parliamentary business, a Council at Buckingham Palace, when the Speech from the Throne will be submitted to His Majesty, and the new Privy Councillors will be sworn in, preceding the opening of Parliament on the 21st.

Another of the Kaiser's Sons Engaged

Royal Tact and Ministerial Methods

Between that date and his setting out for the Continent the King will hold two Levées and as many Courts, the number of applications to attend which reached their limit some time ago. As I said last week, the task of kingship is not the easiest in the world when General Elections are toward. It will have been remarked that not a man or woman of any political importance was commanded to the Royal dinner-table during the actual elections, so careful was his most tactful Majesty not to show his feelings in any way or to give occasion for it to be said that he was interesting himself on this side or that. Since then, however, Lord and Lady Crewe, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, and Mr. McKenna have visited His Majesty. Mr. Asquith was to have gone to Windsor, but, as the somewhat startled *Court Circular* remarked, was "prevented from obeying their Majesties' commands on account of his departure for the Continent." One wonders what would have happened to a Victorian Prime Minister who was prevented for a similar reason from tendering advice to his Sovereign. It was, further, almost equally quaint to read, on Saturday, that Lord Knollys had called at 10, Downing Street on His Majesty's behalf, to find even the Premier's private secretary "out of town!"

"Chantecler" Survives the Floods

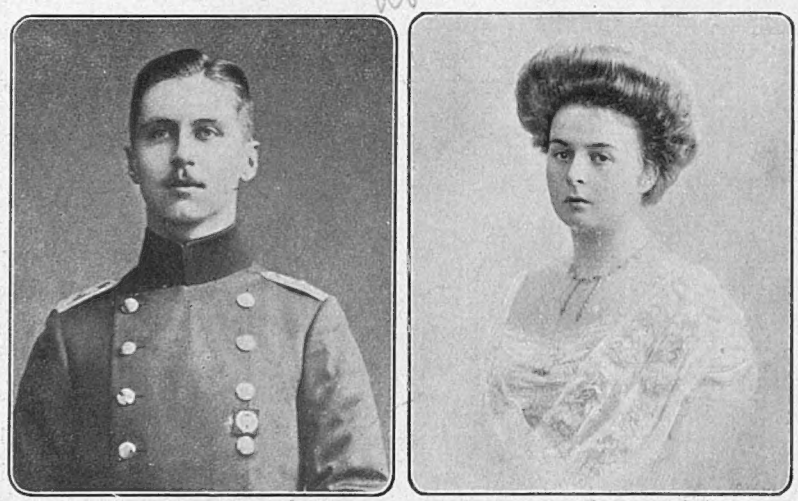
The much-postponed Rostand play suffered a further check from the Paris floods, but, like the cock in the picture, who saved himself by perching on a floating piece of furniture, it emerged triumphantly and scored a great success on Sunday last

'Bystander' Election Competition

In our next issue, published February 16, it will be my pleasant duty to announce the name of the winner of our Election Competition, the prize being a handsome £265 Bedford motor-car. The delay in announcing the name is solely caused by the deplorable vanity of the Scottish Universities and the overdone deliberation of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, who are not content to give their votes at the same time as the rest of the Kingdom, but needs must have it all to themselves a fortnight later. When, however, our northernmost friends have recorded their frigid and calculated opinions on the dominant issue, the total Ministerial-Coalition majority will be somewhere between 400,000 and 420,000 (*not* including the Independent Nationalists). I hope the winner is getting ready to come to town to take the car.

A Beauty in Berlin

The interesting announcement of the betrothal of the Kaiser's fifth son to his pretty cousin, the Princess Victoria, is just to hand, and reminds me of the rumour that the charming, golden-haired daughter of the German Emperor may pay a private visit to her Royal relatives in England during the summer. By the way, King Edward's beautiful niece, the Crown Princess of Roumania, has been creating a tremendous sensation in Berlin. She has been staying with the German Crown Princess, who, though she herself dresses very well, has been entirely outshone by her brilliant visitor, who, after the more modest joys of Bucharest, has appeared thoroughly to enjoy her success. The Princess nearly always at night wears white satin with wonderful Roumanian embroideries of gold and silver, azure and rose. She has hair of *chapeau de paille*, a honey-coloured Russian skin, and light, rather sad and haunting eyes. Her eldest daughter, whose photograph appeared in last week's BYSTANDER, and whose marriage with the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Greece is in contemplation, is quite unlike her mother, though very like her second-cousin, the Empress of Russia.



A GERMAN ROYAL BETROTHAL

Prince Oscar of Prussia **Princess Victoria Margarete of Prussia**

The Kaiser's fifth son has, it is announced, become engaged to his pretty cousin, who is a daughter of Prince Joachim

The Premier at Cannes

A very charming resting-place for work-worn politicians is the Château de Thorenc, where Lord Rendel has been entertaining the Prime Minister and his daughter. Lord Rendel, a former member of the engineering firm of Sir W. Armstrong and Co., is extremely wealthy, and has residences in Cannes, in Surrey, and in Kensington Palace Gardens. At his Riviera *château*, which stands on the estates of the ancient Barons de Thorenc, feudal lords of Grasse, and was built by Sir Richard Glass, the constructor of the Atlantic cable, Lord Rendel has entertained all the distinguished Liberal statesmen of

The Chancellor's Little Games on the Riviera

GOLF AT NICE, IF NO POLITICS AT CANNES

Mr. Masterman (on the left), Mr. Lloyd George (on the right)

Ministers en Garçon: Mr. Lloyd George (on the left), and Mr. Masterman (on the right)

The Chancellor's little visit to the Riviera was, of course, a purely personal affair. He and his young colleague, Mr. Masterman, thought a little golf would do them good. To his intense surprise, he found that, near by, at Cannes, his chief, Mr. Asquith, was also in retirement. Went over to have a little chat on the prospects of the weather, and, who knows, of the Waterloo Cup and the Grand National, returning to Town on Monday to pick up the threads of his work at the Treasury, and any taxes that might have come in

Brides of the Month of Snowdrops

his day, and also the King, who spent several days there some time ago. Mr. Gladstone had many a restful holiday there, and his third son married his

Miss Nina Abercromby, elder daughter of the Countess of Northbrook, to be married, on February 21, to Mr. Horace Kemble, Scots Guards, only son of Mr. Kemble, of Knock Broadfoot, Isle of Skye

host's daughter. Lord Rosebery has often been to the *château*, and it was one of the last houses visited by the late Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Lord Rendel's own Parliamentary career extended over fourteen years, during which period he sat without a break for Montgomeryshire.

Fatigued Fighters

Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Masterman, Mr. Hobhouse, and Mr. Pease were other distinguished Parliamentarians making hay while the sun shone on the Riviera last week, the one said most to be in need of a holiday, Mr. Churchill to wit, staying quietly at home in order to be present at the inauguration of his pet scheme of social reform as exemplified in the Labour Exchanges. The President of the Board of Trade is suffering rather severely from the effects of the strain of the last few weeks. His friends are very worried about him, and he is accompanied everywhere by his charming wife, who looks exceedingly handsome in her sealskins and sable furs. Mr. Churchill, by the way, does not, by sheer personality, manage to win many votes to his party. His appointment to the Irish Office would be a doubtful experiment indeed.

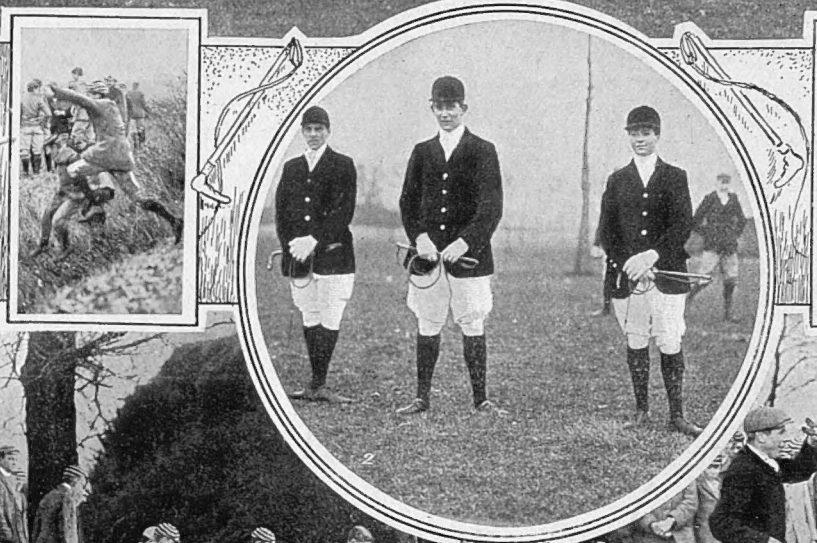
Smash or Hash?

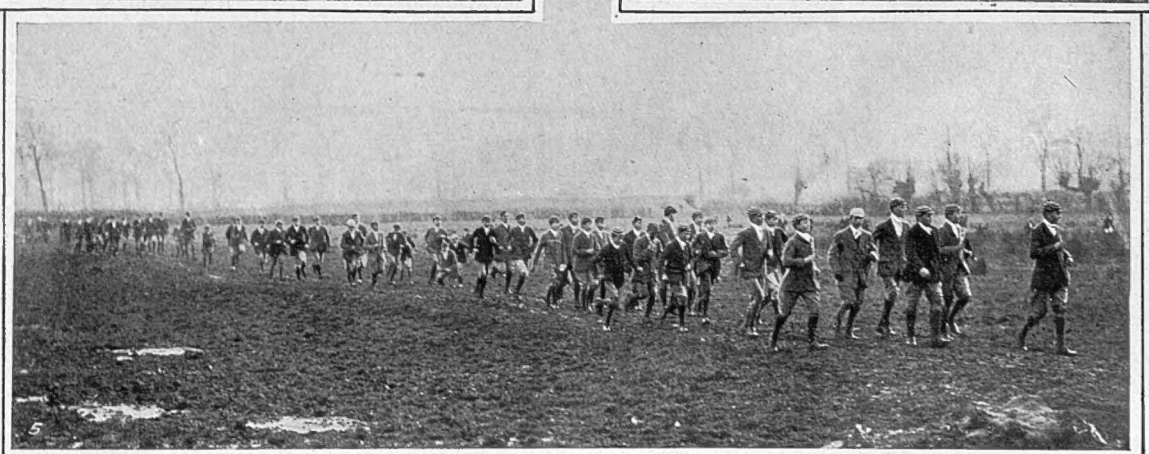
My Radical friends seem to be rather at sixes and sevens as to whether first to pass the Budget or to smash the Lords. So far as most of their papers go, the Smashers seem to be in the majority, and Rumour attributes to Mr. Lloyd George a similar way of thinking. Other papers want the Budget "rammed through" first and the Lords "smashed" at leisure, or by instalments. The whole point seems merely one of procedure. Still, it has the material of a pretty split. We shall probably, ere long, see the two wings, Whigs and Radical-Socialists, fall apart. That Mr. Asquith can, consistently with his reputation, continue to lead so distracted a party seems unlikely. If he resigns—what then? Mr. Lloyd George Premier! Possibly. But if so, the head of a very different Cabinet to the last one. For some of the "old gang" positively would not remain.

Photos *Rita Martin*

Miss Violet Bridges Webb, daughter of Major Bridges Webb, who is to be married to Mr. St. John S. Quarry, son of Colonel Quarry, late of the Berkshire Regt., on February 24

A Run With The ETON BEAGLES





(1) The Meet at the Kennels (2) Mr. F. W. Barclay, the Master, with the Whips
(3) Crossing a Brook on the Return towards Eton (4) A Kill (5) In Full Cry

Photos *Montague Dixon*

In spite of the unwelcome attentions of the ultra-humanitarian faddists, the Eton College Beagles continue their career, and are showing excellent health-giving sport to a large number of boys. The Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttelton was asked a while ago why he allowed the pack to be maintained in face of the unceasing clamour which it caused on the part of meddlesome busybodies. His reply was blunt and to the point. "Hare hunting at Eton," said the Headmaster, "is maintained because there are undoubted gains to the boys connected with it." Those who were responsible for the clamour against the Hunt were firmly but courteously assured that there was no better method of securing the continuance of the pack than to keep on publishing attacks, which were founded on ignorance and encouraged by misstatements. For years the Beagles have been a popular institution at Eton. Many a lad who acquired his first real keenness for hunting by following them is now a successful Master of Foxhounds

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ASQUITH

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT ON THE ROOF OF THE CHÂTEAU DE THORENC, CANNES

"*It seems a pity that tired Ministers cannot be allowed to enjoy their holidays in peace.*"—MORNING LEADER, Feb. 5

"News of Lloyd George's arrival created small panic. Asquith goes nowhere without a golf club"

EVERYBODY pleased to see Asquith. Looks fit, but rather pale. The news of Lloyd George's arrival at Nice created small panic. Asquith goes nowhere without a golf club. A gardener who coughed with a Welsh accent has been arrested in error by the detective at the West portcullis.

* * *

Telegram arrived from J. A. Pease. Won't be put off. Wants a Welsh seat, and promises not to whisper "Ireland" ever again. Says he is *en route* for Cannes. Hopes Premier is enjoying his rest. *Daily News* Intimidation League going strong. Why not knight Chiozza?

* * *

Lloyd George just visible with a powerful spy-glass. Ignorant inhabitants attribute his arrival to the Daylight Comet. Outposts strengthened. Lloyd George seen dining with a "mongrel" (late Peer). Is making frantic efforts to get telephonic connection with the Château. Luckily, exchange operator cannot understand his French.

* * *

"Asquith has Lloyd George to lunch to stop public gossip"

Another telegram, this time from Burns. Finds Paris expensive. Emphasises that he is travelling *en garçon*, and can Asquith spare a bedroom? Won't be a nuisance. Ready to help in the kitchen, but must have £5,000 job. Threatens further "stigma" if he doesn't get it. Very much wants to know who let Churchill open the Camberwell Labour Exchange in a Trilby hat. Such exhibitions of jauntiness out of place in connection with a democratic institution.

* * *

Special messenger from Masterman and Lloyd George. "Delightful country, Riviera, isn't it? We're both here. Did you know? Such a coincidence. Are you alone? Hope not lonely. We're just loafing about, kicking our heels and so forth, whateffer. Hotels very expensive. How's the cooking at the Château? Seems so long since we saw you. Longing for the 21st, aren't you? We're only fifteen miles away from you, you know. Both think we could get there and back in an hour. Isn't the world small? Love to Hobhouse. N.B.—Winston is rotting about in Camberwell, of all places!"

* * *

Yet another telegram from J. A. Pease. "Why no answer? Who the dickens is Hobhouse? Coming by special train. Urgent. Can't you get any of those Welsh rabbits to resign? Must have seat by 21st. *Daily News* thinks so. So there. By the way, their Intimidation League is going strong. Rev. F. B. Meyer has forwarded forty-two shillings as a 'nucleus.' Also one shilling in stamps from a retired Indian subaltern. *Westminster Gazette* says you must pass Budget first. Rest of 'em say you must tackle the Lords. Don't care either way. Find me a seat!"

* * *

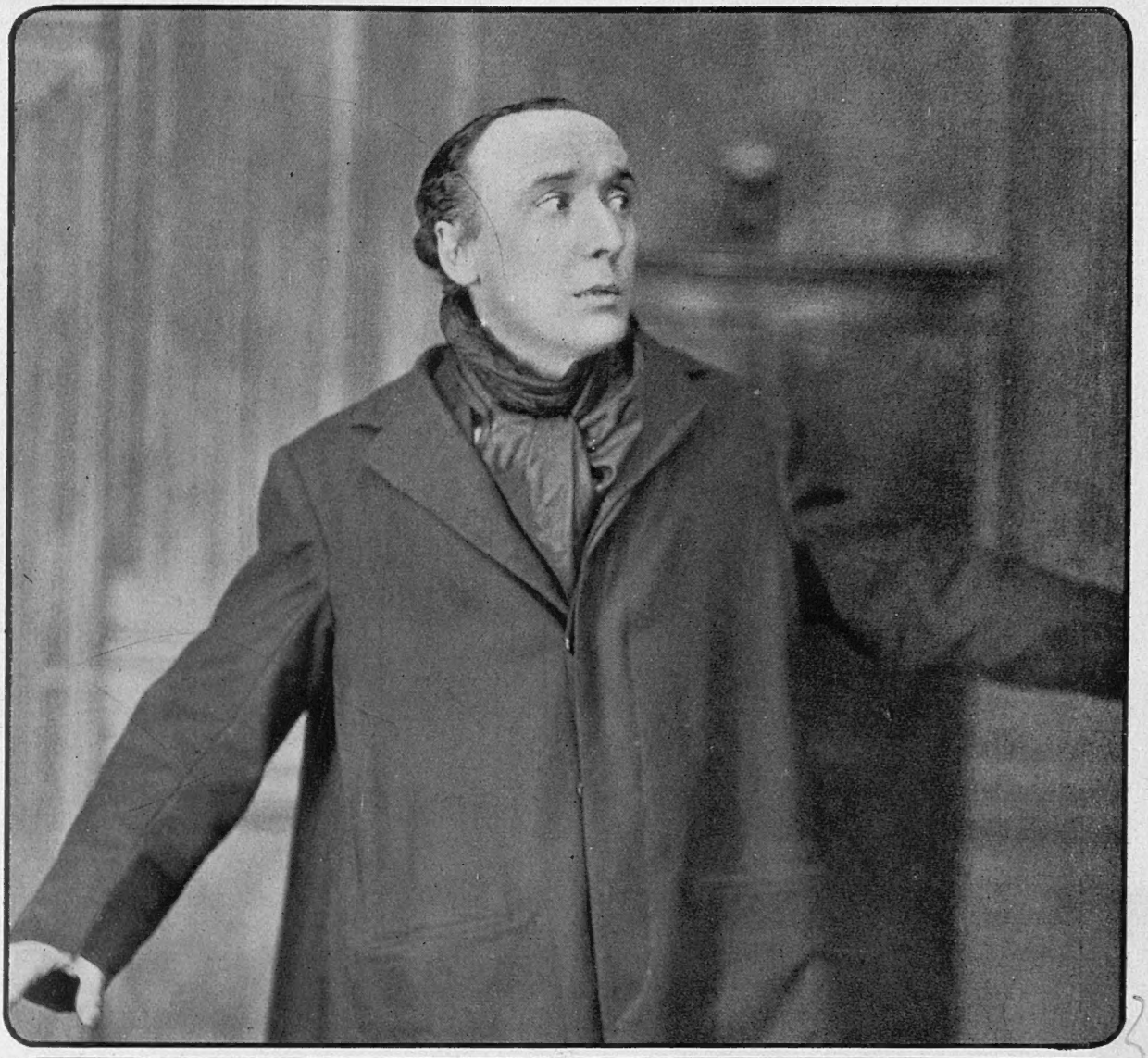
Asquith spent the morning playing jig-saw. The six pieces of the puzzle were labelled Liberal, Labour, Nationalist, Whig, Socialist, and Independent Nationalist. He tried very hard to fit them into a complete picture, but the various angles drove him to despair. Lord Rendel (professional nurse to all Liberal Prime Ministers) is endeavouring to distract his patient by opening the London Directory with his eyes shut, and blindly jabbing in pins to find 500 suitable peers.

* * *

Asquith has consented to have Lloyd George to lunch to stop public gossip. Lord Rendel to act as chaperon. Waiter told off to stand by Chancellor with a tureen cover to cut short any reference to politics. Cook has refused to make leek soup. General deadlock. Masterman, who may come, though not invited, is to be given sandwiches in the hall. Everybody miserable. Telegrams constantly arriving from P.W.W., J.A.P., L.G.C.-M., Sir H.N., Will C., Will S., R.K.C., superscribed "Back to the Land." Premier in tears. . . . B. M. H.

"Burns very much wants to know who let Churchill open Labour Exchanges in a Trilby hat"

Mr. H. B. Irving as Dr. Jekyll—



—and Mr. Hyde

Robert Louis Stevenson's strange story has been the foundation for many plays. The latest, by Mr. Comyns Carr, is now to be seen at the Queen's Theatre. Mr. H. B. Irving achieves a great personal triumph in the rendering of the difficult dual rôle

Lordliness at the Labour Exchanges

At His Majesty's

The *première* of *The O'Flynn* at His Majesty's Theatre was, as usual, a very interesting one, and all sorts and conditions of men and women were present. Mrs. Asquith had the pleasure of contemplating Mr. Winston Churchill from her box on the ground-floor, and up above Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, Polonius-like, concealed himself behind the arras—or shall I say curtains?—of his box. Prince Francis of Teck was seated in the front row of the stalls, and dotted about were Lord and Lady Craven, Lord Churchill, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Lady Northcliffe, Sir Douglas Straight, Lady Hare, Sir William and Lady Gilbert, and Sir Edward and Lady Clarke.

Dr. Pollock, C.V.O.

Master of Wellington College, who, following on a prophecy made by H.M. the King last summer, has duly been appointed to a Bishopric—that of Norwich

Wondrous Headgear

Never have I seen such weird head-dresses as some of the ladies wore. One young and very pretty girl, if I may so speak, tied up her head—not her hair, but her head—in a sort of pudding-bag of white gauze, garnished with roses on either side. I wonder why she did this? The effect was not pretty. Another damsel in the stalls tied up her head with about a yard and a half of black velvet, and then stuck jet *motifs* in it. This also gave me cause to wonder why. I could go on for columns telling you of the wonderful, but will refrain.

The Lordly Sabbath-Breakers

The Sunday skaters at Olympia are becoming rather shy about their names being mentioned. Several are fearful that their Nonconformist grandmothers shall hear of their Sabbath-breaking. Still, one must chronicle the doings of Society. So here goes. At a recent session I saw with my own eyes the Duke and Duchess of Portland—there are no Noncons. in that family I am sure—then I beheld the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Gerard, Lord Charles Beresford, Lady Norah Brassey, Lady Hugh Grosvenor, Lady Horner, Mrs. George Lambton, and nearly every officer of the 1st Life Guards. Some were skating, others tea-drinking. The greater number were calm, passive spectators. There were others present whom I am much too frightened to mention in case there should be another letter to the *Times*.

"Epilepsy Set to Music"

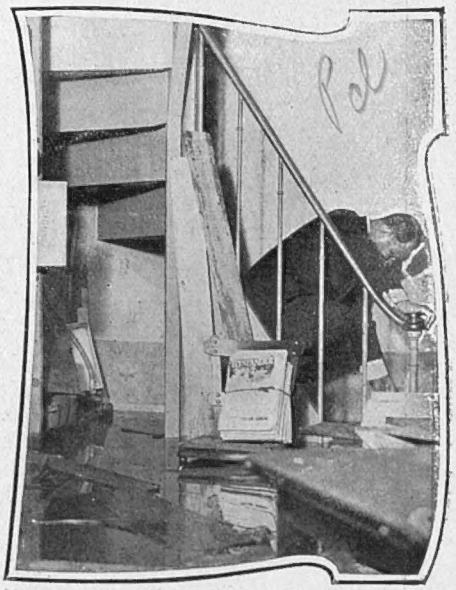
I am afraid, from what I hear, that we are in for an anxious time when *Elektra* is produced at Covent Garden. It is spoken of as being an exhausting work, not only for the performers, but for the audience. There is to be a wild rush of musicians to hear the first performance, and the "Souls," if there are any left, will be present in full force.

Lord Basil Blackwood

Who, though a member of the aristocracy and the son of a peer, has actually been appointed Assistant-Director of the new Labour Exchanges under the Board of Trade

The Lib-Labs at Home

There are to be two great receptions on Saturday night. The house of Lansdowne will be open for the Unionist Peers, Peeresses, and other fine folk, and Wimborne House will receive the members and followers of the Government. Mrs. Ivor Guest, the future Lady Wimborne, will receive the Lib-Labs in her father-in-law's house in Arlington Street. But one little word in your ear. Mrs. Ivor Guest's friends are not all Lib-Labs; some of her family will be present.



Ourselves in the Paris Floods

Distressing state of affairs in THE BYSTANDER Paris Offices, 35, Rue Lafayette, which were duly flooded. Subscribers, however, swam for their copies rather than miss them

The Civil Service Grows

The Labour Exchanges are open, and have so far done no more than expose the amount of unemployment in England. That their institution would result in the employment of one more man no one can sanely have expected, but it is refreshing to know that the Civil Service is being expensively extended, and above all that our democratic Government has no objection to providing work for a Lordling as Assistant-Director of the new Department. Congratulations to Lord Basil Blackwood!

The Government's Pious Hope

THAT THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM CAN BE SOLVED BY LABOUR EXCHANGES

One of the New Labour Exchanges: In the Whitechapel Road

Our picture shows a crowd of workless men packed into the room where the registration takes place. There was a tremendous rush on the opening day. It is a little obscure as to how the establishment of employment bureaux can in any way increase the demand for workmen. Employers are hardly likely to require more assistance than before. But, of course, the Government must be credited with good intentions

Left to right: Mrs. Churchill, Mr. Winston Churchill, Dr. T. J. Macnamara, and Lady Gwendoline Churchill

Mr. Churchill Visits the New Labour Exchange at Camberwell

Several of the new Labour Exchanges opened in London last week were visited by Mr. Winston Churchill (President of the Board of Trade), to whose initiative their establishment is due. Our photo shows the right hon. gentleman at the Camberwell Exchange

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

AFTER the gloom and horror of the elections it seems quite cheery to read in one's newspapers again that "Trouble is brewing in the Balkans."

* * *

"WILL you consent to wear the mask of a cock? Will you crow for a whole evening?" These words were addressed by M. Rostand to Coquelin when the idea of *Chantecler* was first discussed between them. The statement that they have since been spoken by Mr. Lloyd George to Mr. Asquith is a canard.

* * *

SOME people are surprised that Mr. John Burns should be going to the Board of Trade, but the reason is obvious. Mr. Burns was lately of the Local Government bored.

* * *

WITH Mr. Birrell the case is different. After an experience as Chief Secretary for Ireland, there is nothing like Home, Home-Sec, Sec-Home. Even though it does entail finding out by personal experience what dinner through a tube tastes like.

* * *

THE only diseases—according to a contemporary—that are likely to result from the flooding of Paris are "typhoid, various kinds of blood-poisoning, epidemic pneumonia, influenza, and possibly typhus fever." Enough to go on with, anyway.

* * *

NOTHING further has been heard of the barber whom the Kaiser found fallen in the snow last week and sent to a hospital at the Royal expense. People who take a gloomy view of Anglo-German relations, however, think that the barber was a Naval Reserve man, and that this was why the Kaiser was so anxious about him.

* * *

RUSSIA has now got its Navy League going, and is clamouring for all sorts of *Dreadnoughts*, cruisers, and submarines. How is poor Mr. Blatchford ever to keep his figures straight?

Miss Marjorie Gould and her Fiancé, Mr. Anthony J. Drexell, Jun.

There have been many eager suitors for the hand of this charming heiress, and it has afforded America intense gratification that she has chosen an American husband instead of seeking a title in Europe. The other gentleman in the picture is Mr. Francis Burke Roche, whose name had often previously been coupled (by the American newspapers) with Miss Gould's

MR. ROSTAND seems to have missed a great opportunity by not securing Mr. Knox—the famous cricketer who has recently gone on to the stage—as one of the "Bats" in *Chantecler*.

* * *

WILLESDEN District Council has requested the Local Government Board to confirm a by-law prohibiting flying in the public parks on Sunday. So that if any angels should think of coming to Willesden, they must make it a week-day.

* * *

BILLS were introduced in Chicago and New York last week which, if passed, will "render it impossible in future"—says the *Mail*—"for food years old to be sold as strictly fresh." I suppose food of that age will have to be sold as "fresh" only or as "fairly fresh."

* * *

IT seems a shame that the Meat Trust should be deprived of the use of a simple, straightforward description, such as "strictly fresh," by this grandmotherly legislation.

* * *

THE Telewriter—which enables one to telephone writing—is now an established thing, and "suppose the person you ring up is out," says a daily paper, "this will not deter you from communicating with him." In fact, you'll be able to write "Hullo! Are you there?" as often as you like. Great fun.

* * *

IF he has not really gone out, and is only pretending that he has because he doesn't want to listen to you, of course it will be different. But you can write him a long letter, and he's bound to see it sooner or later.

* * *

THE Prussian Government has withdrawn the £50,000 which it has been in the habit of contributing for prizes at race-meetings with a view to encouraging the breed of racehorses. No doubt it considers that if Germans are only going to eat horses, any kind will do.

Our Society Portraiture

Photo *Rita Martin*

LADY ANGELA FORBES

The youngest of the Countess of Rosslyn's daughters. Her sisters are the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Westmorland, Lady Warwick, and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox. In 1896 she married Colonel James Forbes, by whom she has two pretty children. She has a very charming personality, an exquisite figure, and dresses delightfully. Her sporting and intellectual accomplishments are many

DOWNWRITINGS

THE THREATENED PURIFICATION OF THE PUBLIC NOVEL

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

SIR,—I have opened my BYSTANDER week after week in the full hope of finding therein some reference to the Question of the Day next after Politics—I mean, of course, that of the Library Censorship. To my intense surprise and annoyance, however, you have chosen altogether to ignore this matter.

Here are we, men and women, living in a complex and highly advanced age, and positively bursting with intelligent interest in what each of us does in the intense inwardness of our private lives, and desirous of giving it out to the world. And yet, because some of the more careless among us have allowed ourselves not only to possess daughters, but actually to let them, without restraint, attain the critical age of fifteen—we, the great Writing Public, are expected to blacken ourselves here, to curtail ourselves there, and wrap ourselves up everywhere else, in fact, to render ourselves absolutely unrecognisable to our friends and relatives, solely for the fear that one of these youthful ones *may* chance to lay hands upon us!

Sir, what is going on is little less than an attempt to apply to the mental food of the public the same restrictions as are applied to those foods which would cost us more under Tariff Reform. Following the grandmotherly busybodies of the last century, who insisted that milk and sugar and flour and other painful memories of the recent elections should be sold to the public undiluted, our Library Censors would actually insist that goods offered for mental consumption should be similarly pure. Imagine treating Mr. Robert Hichens as though he were a pint of milk and Mr. de Morgan as though he were margarine! Fancy receiving over the counter of Mr. Mudie (if he has a counter) a volume of Victoria Cross bound in corrugated blue and labelled "Poison!"

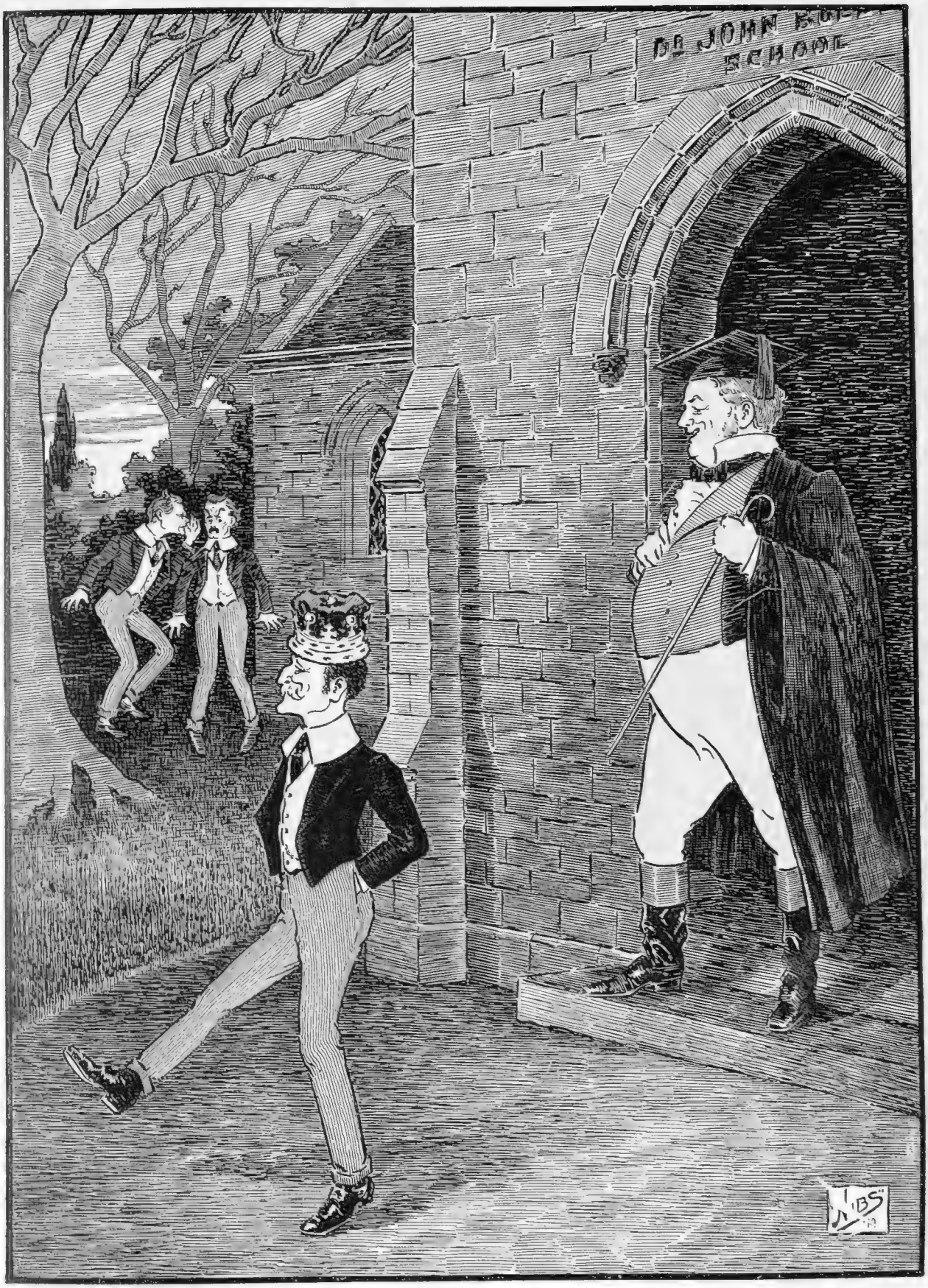
The whole thing seems incongruous, and words fail me to characterise it. Of course, the Puritans may hold that commodities offered for public sale ought to be free from the possibility of public injury, whether mental or physical. They may say that novels which deal with the indecencies of the mentally diseased are just as rightfully to be prohibited as tainted tinned meats or chemically adulterated beverages. They may say that not only is it rather bad for the girl of fifteen but also for the maiden of fifty to be liable to take home, in the same parcel as—say—Mr. S. R. Crockett's latest, a novel dealing exhaustively with nocturnal life in the lesser-known parts of Pimlico. That lady, they admit, is quite at liberty not to go on reading the book; but, they ask, would it not be wiser to save her the trouble of beginning it? And, having among their subscribers about 90 per cent. of people who neither wish themselves nor those for whose welfare they are responsible to be reminded of the sordid and vicious phases of twentieth-century city life, they actually claim the right to exclude from circulation goods which their customers are likely not to like!

Supposing such a principle were to be generally admitted! Why, the public would, in the course of a year or two, actually find itself ceasing to discuss the sex question, but actually making it the subject of practical experiment. Who knows what would then happen? There would, for one thing, be a relapse, by the middle-classes generally, into those antiquated and Victorian habits, matrimony and the rearing of children, the ultimate outcome of which must inevitably be more recruits, among males, to the defensive forces of the Empire, and among females more—Girls of Fifteen! DOWNWRITER.

ANOTHER TURKISH REVOLUTION THREATENED

Three of the attitudes of making ablutions insisted upon by the Koran against which a deputation of Young Turks has recently protested to the Sheik-ul-Islam

After a Visit to the "Head"



Lansdowne: "I wonder if he expects me to regard *that* as a licking"

(The appeal to the country on the Peers question has reduced the Government majority from 334 to a little over 100)

BY DRUMMOND NIBLETT

A Modern Judgment of Paris

A BERLIN LADY WHOSE FACE PROVED TO BE HER FORTUNE

MISS RICA GARDA

That beauty is one of the most valuable of all assets has once again been amply demonstrated by the remarkable good fortune which has just befallen a charming young German lady. Miss Rica Garda, of Berlin, has come into £80,000, bequeathed by a distant kinsman who made a large fortune in the Argentine, and of whose existence Miss Garda was hardly even aware until early last year, when she met him during a brief visit which he paid to the German capital. Dying childless at Buenos Aires, her kinsman left a will bequeathing £80,000 of his fortune to Miss Garda, whom (after lamenting the fact that he had only met her so late in life) he described as "A relative I am indeed proud of, for she is the most beautiful woman in the world."

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE" ILLUSTRATED BY S. H. SIME

I very much regret that my young friend, Norman Morrow, is on the sick-list this week with a severe attack of pleurisy. The latest report as to his condition is, however, happily reassuring, and I have every hope that his recovery will be rapid and sure. In the meantime, Mr. S. H. Sime has kindly stepped into the breach at the Editor's invitation, and has generously agreed to be seen abroad with me again on the understanding that he will not have to endure the infliction for long.

"THE O'FLYNN" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

MR. JUSTIN HUNTLEY McCARTHY calls it "A Tale of Love and War: An original play derived from many sources," and there you have the whole thing in a chestnutshell. It is a rehash of all the Musketeery plays transplanted to Irish soil, with Sir Herbert Tree as the swashbuckling, love-making, hard-drinking hero. I think it would interest a person of statistical mind to sit down and figure out in aliquot pints just how much liquor the hero contrives to dispose of during the evening, and the sum total would, I am confident, be a dangerous shock to a temperance reformer with a weak heart. When the O'Flynn returns from the wars to his ancestral home, there is nothing in the larder except whiskey, but he contrives to make a very hearty meal on that. In the next act, over a bowl of punch at an inn, he has a quarrel with a young nobleman, and when the swords are drawn the spectators protest that his lordship is too drunk to fight. But a little drawback like that is not going to stop the sport of a gentleman of O'Flynn's stamp. He picks up the punch-bowl and empties it at a draught, protesting that he will make himself as drunk as his opponent and thus generously equalise the fearful odds. Further than that, he bids the landlord keep a glass constantly replenished for him during the progress of the duel, and for the most of the time he is fighting with a sword in one hand and a glass of punch in the other. The sword-play between Sir Herbert and Mr. Ainley (the young nobleman in question) is very pretty, but it is difficult to regard it as a fight in earnest.

SKETCHED AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE BY S. H. SIME

SKETCHED AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE BY S. H. SIME

THIS apparent lack of serious purpose is the keynote of the whole production. It is usual in plays of this sort, too, for the hero to be in love with a fair lady, who invariably begins by spurning his addresses. In the present instance, however, a different sort of complication is introduced. The fair lady, who has been rescued by the hero from a naughty highwayman, is, as a matter of fact, quite gracious; but this is only because she is in love with another, whom in her turn she loves with all her heart. Indeed, the depth of her passion leads up to quite a striking scene, for the lady's lover is no other than the young nobleman with whom the hero had fought, and whom he has slightly

pinked. The heroine is so upset at the news of her lover's wound that she snatches up his sword from the floor and expresses a wish to be allowed to continue the fight on his behalf. That shows how she loves him, and how she hates the hero. But when you know that by the law of averages, and the incidence of probabilities and permutations, the lady will probably scorn her present lover and marry the hero in the last act, you find it difficult to work up any kind of excitement over the scene.

SKETCHED AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE BY S. H. SIME

THE O'Flynn is a soldier of fortune, who admits that he fights to earn a living. And since the lady he admires is for King James (as against William of Orange), O'Flynn does not hesitate to proceed to Dublin and fight for King James. Here, again, the top-note of farce comes in. The rank and file of "O'Flynn's Own" are so indifferently acquainted with their business that when they are told to turn to the right half of them turn to the left, and the ranks are at once in confusion. But it raises a laugh, and what more do we ask of the gods? Proceeding in his gallant career, O'Flynn lays siege to Knockmore Castle, and the curtain rises on the trenches at the foot of a rock as high and as impregnable as Gibraltar itself. In the trenches the guns are hung with roses in honour of the expected visit of some ladies, to say nothing of a strolling actress turned camp-follower, who frankly and unblushingly confesses that she does not give her kisses for nothing. Shade of Bowdler! Where art thou? It is clear from the start, however, that this is only warfare *pour rire*. O'Flynn admits that they cannot fire on the castle because their guns are only for show, and the besieged will not fire because they cannot afford to waste their powder. The officer in command at the castle is a Dutchman of notoriously intemperate habits, and his name is Van Dronk (such wit!). The O'Flynn is able, as the result of long foreign service, to patter a little Dutch, and in this way he gains the Dutchman's confidence to such an extent that they are soon engaged in a friendly drinking bout (more intemperance!), and by a most sweetly daring strategy the castle is taken, and O'Flynn sends the keys to his lady-love with his kind regards.

THERE are many other incidents in the play, including a plot to murder the Most High and Mighty King James, which is, of course, thwarted by the O'Flynn, who talks to King James as if the two were boon companions swapping stories after the fifteenth glass. The villain of the piece is the Earl of Sedgemouth, very gracefully represented by Mr. Henry Ainley, who has made himself up to look rather unnecessarily beautiful. The play, however, turns round Sir Herbert Tree all the time. When he is not drinking, or spouting poetry to the applause of the spectators, or singing the Royal toast, he is swaggering about in fine clothes, or is dancing jigs. The scenery of the play is, of course, admirable, the Presence Chamber itself being a sheer delight; but the play is a very crazy-quilt of patchwork, apparently designed for no other purpose than to show Sir Herbert Tree's amazing versatility—and to that extent it is worth seeing.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE" AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

WHEN Hamlet's mother complained that her heart was riven in twain, young Hamlet strongly recommended her to throw away the bad half and keep the good. Dr. Jekyll has been through a physical experience very similar to that of Hamlet's mother, but instead of throwing away the bad portion he wears it on alternate days with results that are quite disastrous. He has concentrated the good and the

SKETCHED AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE BY S. H. SIME

The Visionary Heroine

OF MR. LEWIS WALLER'S LATEST PRODUCTION, "THE STRONG PEOPLE"

Photo] MISS DOROTHY DIX [*Rita Martin*

Who plays the part of Judith Grant in Mr. C. M. S. McLellan's new drama, "The Strong People," at the Lyric Theatre. Judith is the visionary leader of the workpeople oppressed by the capitalist, Richard Murray, Mr. Waller's part

bad halves of his nature with such an intense amount of compression that he becomes like the little girl who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead. When he is good he is very, very good, but when he is bad he is horrid.

I THINK this is quite the best thing that Mr. Irving has done. The sudden changes from Jekyll to Hyde are very well managed; but, after all, this part of the show is more suggestive of conjuring than acting. And, incidentally, I seem to remember that Mr. Richard Mansfield, who produced a version of this story at the Lyceum Theatre so many years ago that I am afraid to think of them, put quite as much showmanship into the quick-change manœuvres. But once Mr. Irving has got over the effect of the successful performance of an interesting illusion he invests his part with a genius that was quite a revelation to me. A very daring feat is that in which Hyde leaps upon an old man's back and forces him to the ground, to be strangled in spite of his obvious wishes to the contrary; but all the movements were made in proper time, and the effect was as impressive as it had been designed to be. It is in the second scene of the third act, however, that Mr. Irving shows the greatest power. There is no preliminary conjuring in this scene. He appears at once as Hyde, the fugitive from justice, a crawling, fear-stricken creature, in a mean lodging in Soho. A message has been sent in haste to Jekyll's laboratory for the drug that will enable Hyde to resume his better shape, and, incidentally, to throw the detectives off the scent. In this scene Mr. Irving shows the monster in all his moods. When his friend Lanyon brings the drug, resolved to give it only into Jekyll's hands, Hyde is by turns threatening and suppliant. His claw-like fingers are at work at one moment as if to fasten themselves on Lanyon's throat and at the next moment they are fervently clasped in a most moving prayer for mercy and compassion. This is all very well done, and the actor's sudden change from a slavering beast into a nice example of what we clever people call the *homo sapiens* is dramatic to a degree.

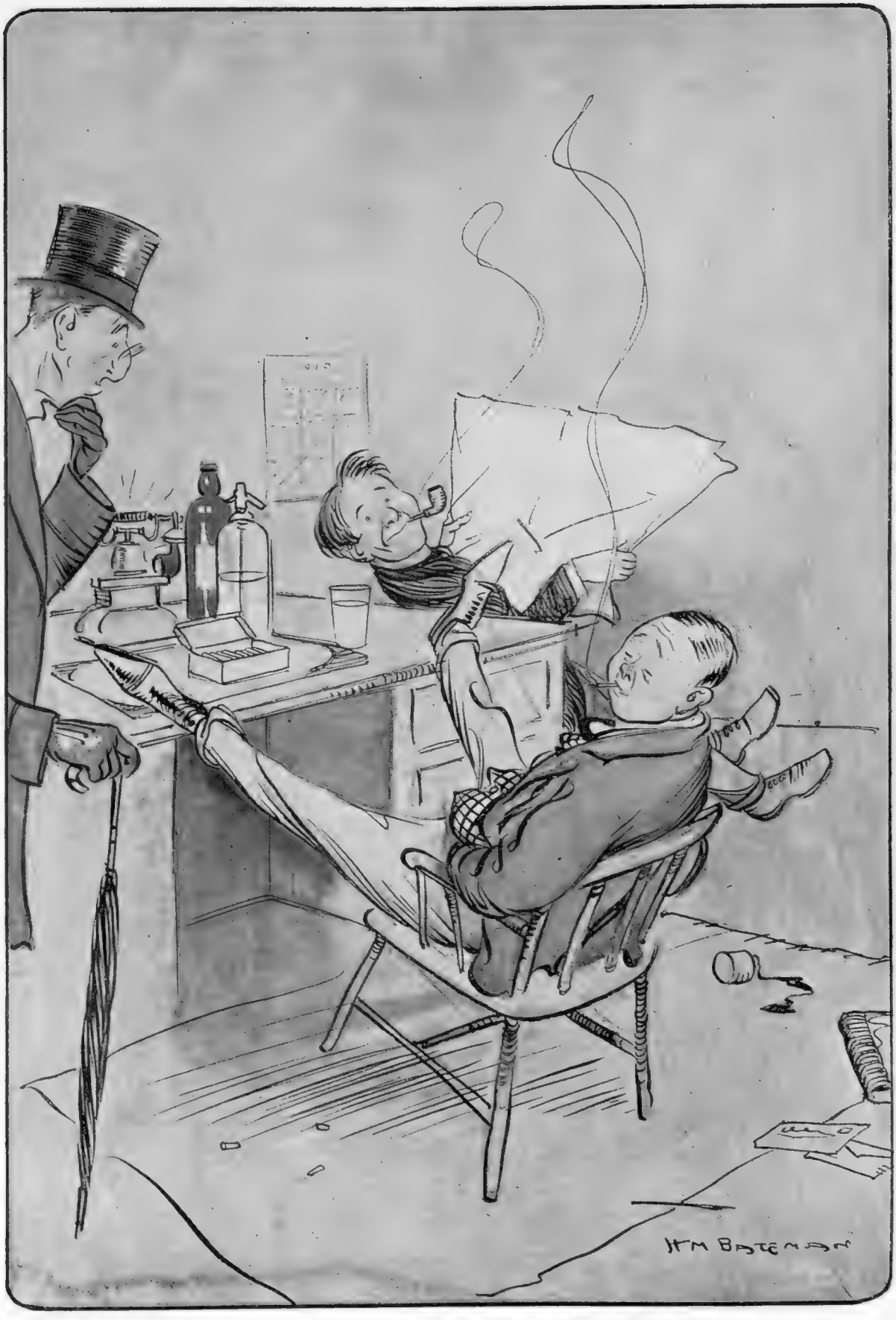
MR. IRVING'S performance is a thing to be seen. I do not suggest that it adds to the gaiety of London, because it is the kind of thing that will have on some constitutions the same effect as that produced by lobster salad eaten late at night. Now and again, it may be, the horrors are a little overdone, and they lose some of their artistic effect in consequence. Having announced, like the youth in "Pickwick," that our flesh is about to be made to creep, almost every possible device is pressed into service to produce the desired end. But a popular actor has to consider the gallery as well as the stalls, and both extremes may count on getting their money's worth out of Mr. Irving's moving entertainment. Miss Dorothea Baird as Jekyll's wife, blinded some years previously as the result of an accident in the laboratory, also gives a most successful performance. Her daintiness and charm make an admirable foil for the horrors of Hyde, and she looks to the life the "white angel" who is supposed to have reformed Jekyll and to have helped him cast from himself the lower part of his complex nature. Mr. Charles Sugden as an elderly diplomatist, and Mr. Eille Norwood as Dr. Lanyon, are both very strong in their parts, and Miss Titell-Brune as Lady Carew, a lady with a past that comes home to roost, proves herself to be a very clever actress. JINGLE.

HAPPY MOMENTS AT BRIDGE.—No. VI.

When Dummy hand goes down to a no-trump call

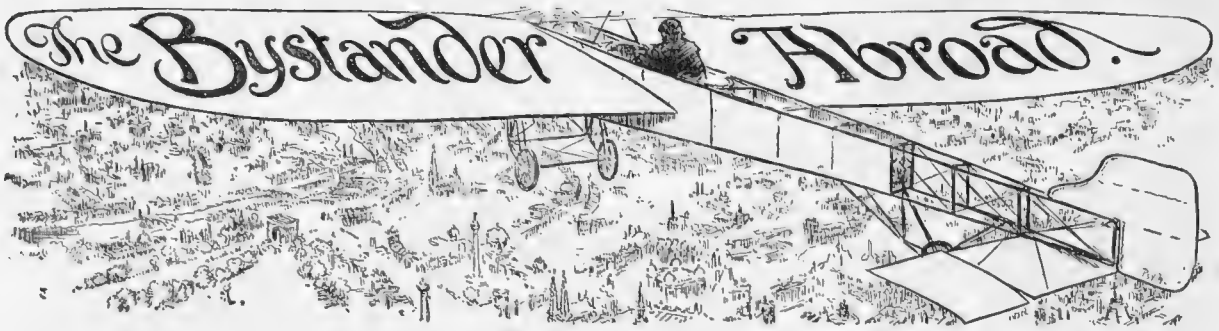
BY THOS. DOWNEY

Now That Master's an M.P.



Caller (*scathingly*): "The head of the firm obviously is *not* in!"

BY H. M. BATEMAN



Aehrenthal to Retire?

Count Aehrenthal, so rumour says, has fallen into disgrace, and as soon as an adequate successor is found for him he will retire from the public service. Archduke Francis Ferdinand is now the virtual ruler at Vienna, and is taking a more open part in the national Government than he has ever yet done. The partial emancipation of Austria-Hungary from the domination of the Wilhelmstrasse at Berlin was the Archduke's work, and Count Aehrenthal was entrusted with carrying it out. Unfortunately, it did not develop as expected, and instead of emancipation from Berlin, a tightening of the bonds between the two Foreign Offices resulted, and the Ballhausplatz was less than ever free from the Kaiser's unwearying "attentions."

The Servian Grievance

Count Aehrenthal is now endeavouring to carry out his original object by soundings, with a view to a *rapprochement* with Russia. This has not been done very adroitly. Count Aehrenthal runs the risk of falling between the two stools. However, his Czech and Jewish blood combined ought to make him a match for most difficulties. Any *rapprochement* between Vienna and St. Petersburg must, of course, relate to the Balkan Peninsula, when the only real question still outstanding for the present is the communication of Servia with the sea. There was a time during the crisis of last winter when Servia might have had satisfaction if she had not made such a noise and put forth such exorbitant claims. The idea at that time was to lease a strip of territory to her which would have connected Servia and Montenegro. She would have thus been able to build a railway connecting these two States, by which her produce could have reached Antivari without crossing Hungary. Perhaps this solution will still be effected; but it can only be done by some territorial or other concession to Austria-Hungary. Perhaps it will take the form of a rent for the lease. The Austro-Hungarian Government has enough in hand with the present Hungarian Parliamentary trouble and Slav unrest to make it highly desirable to put an end, at any rate for a time, to the Servian grievance.

The Hereditary Grand Duchess Marie-Adelaide of Luxemburg, Eldest Daughter and Heiress of the Reigning Grand Duke

A new and hitherto unpublished portrait

Paris Keeps Its Head

Except in the days of the "Commune," in the spring of 1871, when *petroleuses* were firing the public buildings and the city was one great blaze, nothing like the havoc wrought by the present floods has been witnessed in the history of Paris. It is frivolous to blame the authorities for want of foresight. Hitherto floods have been easily managed, but no such floods as the present ones have ever even threatened the Gay City. If anything, one must rather congratulate the authorities on the rapidity with which they have thrown up outworks, propped up houses, and saved what they could from destruction, and the Parisians themselves on their orderly submission to the drastic measures which have been necessary.

Dr. Cook Crowned

King Carnival has arrived at Nice, but under somewhat gloomy conditions, for Nice, like the rest of France, is distinctly suffering by the terrible floods of Paris. There were even some who went so far as to say that the carnival should have been abandoned altogether this year; but the fact that the Paris disaster has already caused great loss to the Riviera was scarcely a reason for increasing that loss by giving up the *fêtes*, which undoubtedly attract no little money to the town. This year the festive king has made his appearance in the guise of Doctor Cook, seated astride a polar bear, while his consort bore him company

Paris in the Eyes of a British Artist

(AT OTHER TIMES THAN THOSE OF DELUGE)

MR. G. E. STUDDY'S IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS, DRAWN SHORTLY BEFORE THE RECENT DESOLATING FLOOD AND REPRESENTING THE GAY CITY AS SHE IS IN HER NORMAL CONDITION

riding the celebrated tiger of Marseilles. The Royal pair are installed, as usual, in their palace on the Place Masséna, facing the Casino, and have, so far, had a somewhat chilly time of it, for the weather has been anything but warm. The illuminations in King Carnival's honour are more beautiful than ever, but the number of people wearing carnival costumes is distinctly on the decrease, despite the tempting display all along the Avenue de la Gare. This year's colours are pink and black, and the effect at the big ball at the Casino, to which only those wearing the Carnival colours are admitted, should be very pretty.

Where are the English?

Nice should be full at this season, but it isn't, and though at the time of writing the elections are nearly over, we have not yet begun to profit by the promised invasion from England. The races being over, *les sportsmen* have left in a body, the Cannes meeting being too insignificant to retain more than a few of the minor members of the racing division. The Nice meeting was a big success from every point of view, and records were beaten all along the line—save as regards the toilettes of the ladies.

A Wise Gambler

The opera season at Monte Carlo has begun, and good, if not remarkable, performances of *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walkure* have already been given. The great Massenet has arrived at the Hôtel Prince de Galles for the rehearsals of his new opera, *Don Quichotte*, which is to be given for the first time in the Salle Garnier on February 19. And his is about the only arrival of importance for the last few days—thanks to the Paris floods! The hotel-keepers are grumbling at the slack season, but the Casino and the Sporting Club are just as crowded as ever. At the latter a lucky lady the other afternoon managed to turn a louis into £700 in three coups—and was wise enough to go away with her winnings.

Where We Are Appreciated

The Riviera is a Utopia for the journalist—at least, one would suppose so from the fact that a public testimonial is being offered to the editor of a local daily for his "public-spirited act" in publishing the results of the English elections. "Public-spirited act" is distinctly good. And one asks oneself, "What, then, does Lord Humanity Northcliffe deserve for flooding the Continent with election telegrams?" By the way, it was Lord Northcliffe himself who supplied the local editor in question with the means of performing his "public-spirited act"; so it is to be hoped that he will get his share of the testimonial!

Beaulieu's Progress

Beaulieu is evidently determined to make a big bid for popular favour. Not only has it begun to advertise its charms in the Continental Press, but it has now become the proud possessor of a "private club," which occupies the ground floor of the annexe of the Hôtel Bristol. The latter is a wise move, for hitherto Beaulieu has scarcely been an amusing place in which to spend an evening, the attractions having been absolutely *nil*. The committee of this "private club" is a particularly strong one, and the scheme looks like proving very successful. So far the arrivals in Beaulieu are few, but it is always one of the latest of the Riviera towns—and, like the rest of them, it is suffering by both elections and floods.

Photo *H. W. Nicholls*

Fair Competitors in This Year's Floral Battle at Nice

King Carnival arrived at Nice under somewhat gloomy conditions this year owing to the Paris floods

A Mentone Queen

Mentone continues to prove its right to the adjective "gay." The other night the tradespeople of the town were kind enough to invite the visitors to a *fête* at the Casino, but a rather unusual thing happened, in that there were far more hosts than guests! The idea, however, was most laudable, and the dance which wound up the evening was a very merry affair. This year's carnival *fêtes* at Mentone are being presided over for the first time by a "Queen" in the person of a dressmaker's pretty little apprentice, selected for the honour by her own comrades. The idea of a "Queen" is scarcely novel, but it is new to Mentone, and any variation of the carnival *fête* is to be heartily welcomed.

The Riviera to the Rescue

The sufferers in Paris are not being forgotten all along the Riviera. The Monte Carlo Casino has subscribed £1,000, the Comité des Fêtes de Nice is giving 50 per cent. of the carnival receipts, and the local newspapers have opened subscriptions, which are being well responded to. Special *fêtes* are being arranged at the various Casinos, and the Anglo-American colonies are coming forward with liberal help.

Past Envious Railway Porters

ON THE LADIES' LUGEING RUN AT EAUX BONNES

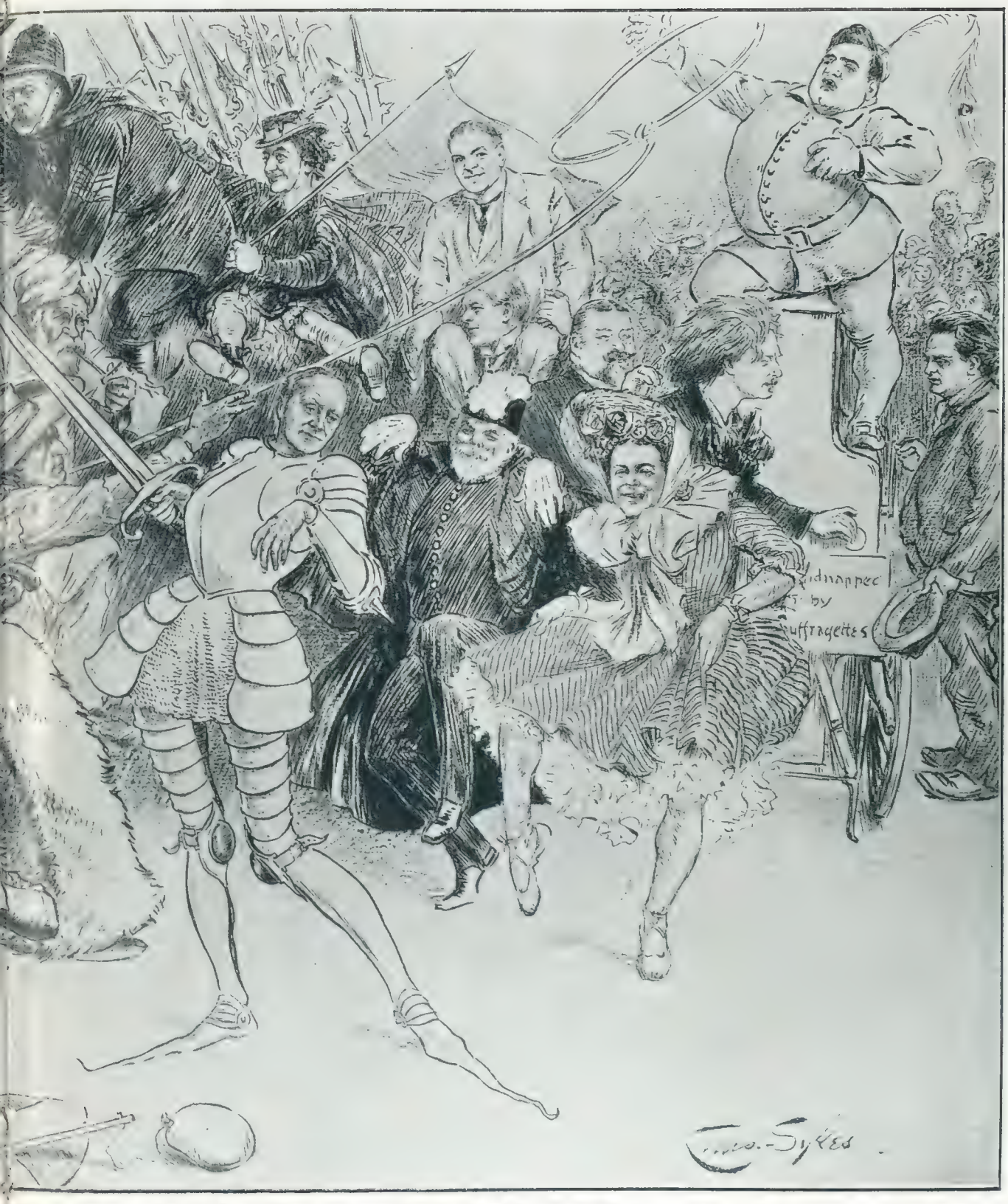
WINTER SPORTS AT EAUX BONNES

The international ski races and winter sports at Eaux Bonnes were held recently. They were very successful, and the promoters are deserving of hearty congratulations. Eaux Bonnes is a French watering-place in a gorge of the Pyrenees, 2,454 feet above the sea, and 29 miles south of Pau. It is very crowded in the summer season, and almost as popular in January. The springs are both hot and cold, contain sulphur and sodium, and are used for disorders of the chest and respiratory organs

A Suggested Fresco for the Forthc

Looking from left to right, readers may recognise the figures of all sorts and conditions of celebrities, on the stage and off, who are interested in the Theatre, including, among many others, Miss Marie Lloyd, Mr. Hall Caine, Miss Mar e Corelli, Mr. Albert Chevalier, Mr. G. B. Shaw, Mr. G. K. Chester Sir A. C. Doyle, Sir H. Tree, Little Tich, Rt. Hon. John Burns, Mr. G. R. Sims, Mr.

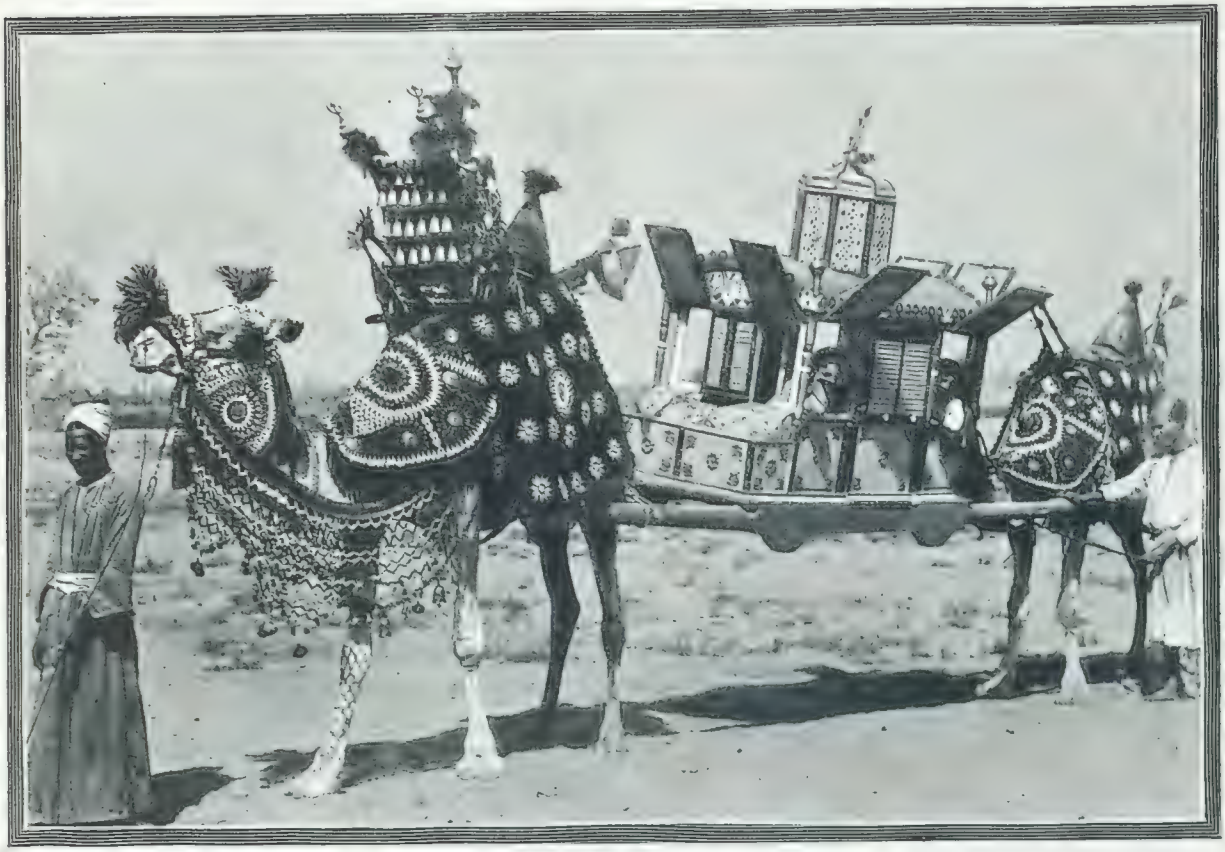
coming National Theatre: By Charles Sykes



terton, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Bourchier, Mr. George Alexander, the ir. Seymour Hicks, M. Paderewski, Signor Caruso, and Mr. Mark Hambourg. The postures in which the designer shows them must be left to explain, or not to explain, themselves

Who Would Not Be An Eastern Bride?

SOME EXTRAVAGANT FORMS OF LOCOMOTION IN EGYPT



An Egyptian Bride's Wedding Bells

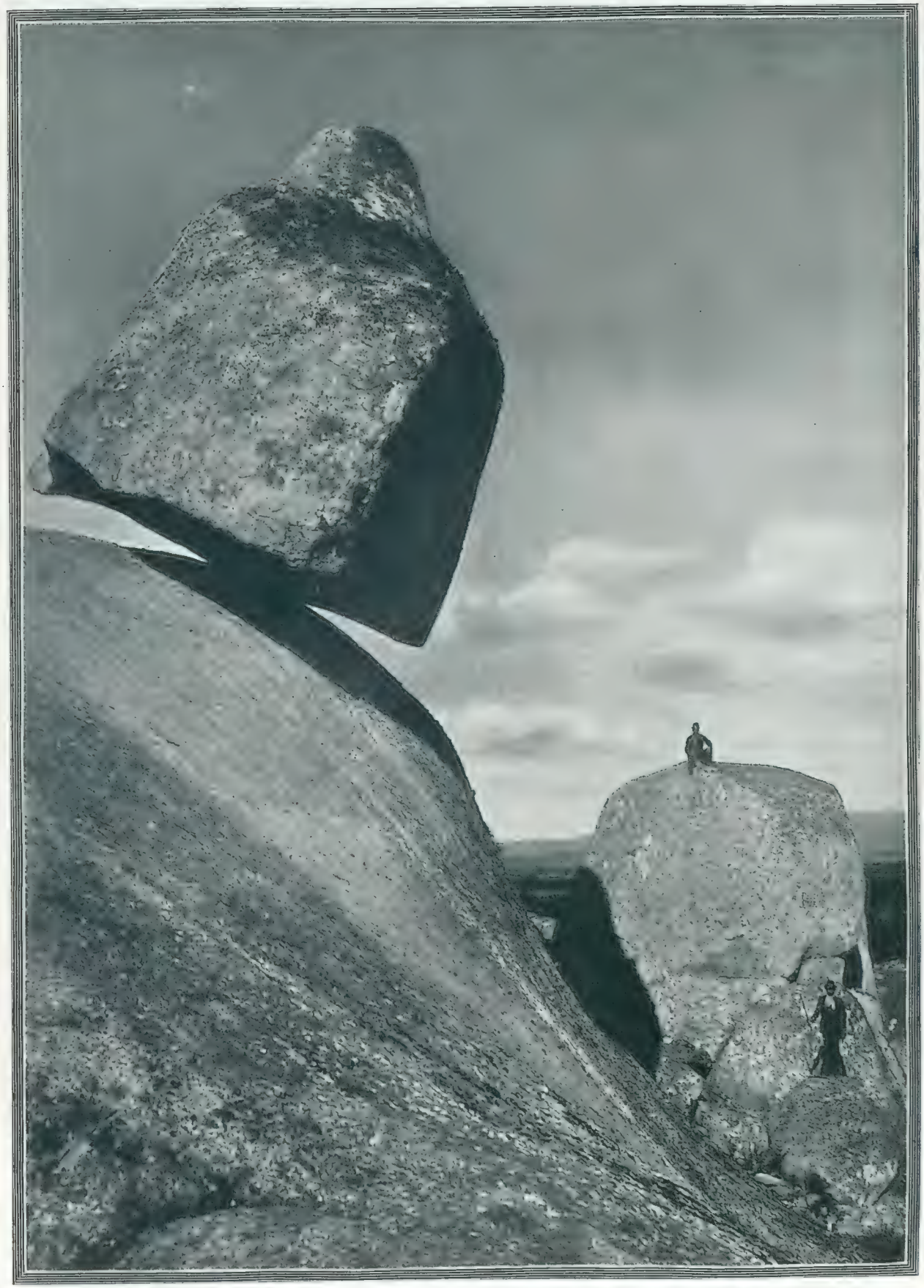
A photograph of an Egyptian bride on her way to be married. She is accompanied by her mother, and the camels which bear her are decked with wedding bells and all the magnificent trappings associated with weddings in the East

An Egyptian's Harem Express

This is a photograph of perhaps the most extraordinary railway carriage in the world. It was built and decorated to the order of an immensely wealthy Egyptian prince, who showed his fondness for the ornaments of his harem by occasionally giving them a delightful "railway ride" in the extraordinary vehicle shown in the picture

A Miracle of Balance

THE GIGANTIC ROCKING ROCK IN THE ARGENTINE



THE TANDIL ROCKING-STONE

This famous rocking-stone is situated about a league from Tandil (247 miles from Buenos Ayres), in the Argentine Republic. It weighs 270 tons, and is so nicely poised that it rocks in the wind and may be made to crack a walnut. It is, however, so firm that it once resisted the united efforts of 1,000 horses, which were yoked to the rock with the object of displacing it

Hunting in Hertfordshire

Photo *J. T. Newman*

A FINE HUNTING MORNING WITH THE HERTFORDSHIRE HOUNDS

The pack in Ashridge Park, Berkhampsted, the home of Earl Brownlow, on the occasion of one of the fine runs which followers enjoyed during the past month. The Hertfordshire Hounds are one of the best packs in the Home Counties, and were for many seasons under the Mastership of Mr. T. Fenwick Harrison. Major C. Jackson is the present Master

A LAPSE INTO LIFE

By ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

GARVIN HALSTEAD, the eminent scientist, had some years before his death entirely given up experimental work. When his papers came to be investigated by his executors, the following explanation of his action was found:

. . . . . .

June 22, 1893. I, Garvin Halstead, do declare that from this date onward I will not open my laboratory again. Here are my reasons—

On Thursday last I was summoned to the drawing-room by a visitor. He was a stranger to me, and I was not impressed by his appearance. Well-dressed, and seemingly well-to-do, he was nervous and troubled, and never once during our interview did his eyes meet mine. He spoke to me somewhat as follows:

"I have come to you, Mr. Halstead, on a matter of great importance. I want your help, and I am prepared to pay for it. But first of all I ask you to pledge me your word that this interview between us shall remain a secret, at least during my life."

I saw no objection to giving the pledge, and told him so. I was a young man, and the abnormal thirst for knowledge which the vulgar call curiosity had me very much in its power at the time.

"You have doubtless read in the papers of my father's death. The news has been published under the title of 'The Bloomsbury Square Murder.' My father was Edward Marvell. I am his son, Charles Marvell."

I made a conventional expression of sympathy, and apologised for the fact that, taking no interest in newspapers, I had heard nothing of the murder.

"My father," explained Mr. Marvell, with a tremor in his voice that I attributed to natural grief, "was found at the foot of the stairs of his house—dead. It was at first conjectured that he had fallen and struck his head with a severity that had proved fatal. But he was not an old man—he was barely sixty. There was no reason why such a fall should have killed a man of his age and vigour. On the other hand, the police found lying near him a walking-stick that could not be identified as having belonged to him. The head of the stick was heavily loaded with lead. It was decided at the inquest that my father had been killed by a blow from this stick—that he had, in fact, been murdered by some person or persons unknown."

I moved a little impatiently in my chair. My visitor was, it seemed to me, growing discursive. What had his father's death to do with me?

"I know why my father was murdered," continued Mr. Marvell, and I could see his whole frame trembling as he spoke. "I want to know the name of his murderer. That is why I have come to you for help."

"My dear sir!" I exclaimed, overwhelmed with surprise and confusion, "you surely do not suspect me——"

"Oh, no," he said, still speaking tremulously. "I have expressed myself very clumsily if I have conveyed such an implication as that. You must please forgive me. My father had a valuable secret in his possession. He was, like yourself, a scientist."

I bowed slightly, still at a loss to discover the drift of my visitor's argument. Indeed, it seemed almost as if his recent bereavement had unhinged his mind.

"My father," continued Mr. Marvell, "had undoubtedly, the day before his death, discovered the secret of making gold. I know a little of alchemy myself. I saw him make the gold. I know most of the ingredients, and I followed the work of compounding them easily. It had been his intention to commit the secret of his discovery to writing, but he put the matter off from day to day. He had been offered

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large sums to communicate the secret, but he had never done so. The man who murdered my father must have been one of his acquaintances, who, in a sudden fit of frenzy at being refused the secret that he sought, beat my father to death, and thus lost for ever the chance of obtaining that secret at all. I want that man's name."

"I am afraid," I said a little stiffly, "I do not know it."

"But my father knows it," cried the young man, starting to his feet and hurriedly wiping his damp forehead with his open hand.

"I understood you to say that your father is dead," I observed, as I rose from my chair.

"Yes, yes," he said, and his agitation seemed to increase as he spoke. "But you are a great scientist. You could bring him back to life."

"I? You are talking nonsense, sir!" I protested angrily. "This is not a fit moment for jests."

"I am in deadly earnest, Mr. Halstead," he replied, looking down at the small table before which he was standing, and rubbing his fingers nervously along the polished surface. "A month ago you published the account of a recent discovery you had made. With some galvanic apparatus or other you imparted to the body of a guinea-pig that had been dead two days a semblance of life. So much so that for two or three minutes it raised its head and opened its eyes. Is it true that you did this, or am I to understand that the experiment was only born of your imagination?"

"How dare you, sir!" I exclaimed. "The facts are——"

"Hear me," he interrupted. "What you have done once you can do again. My father has been dead two days. All his organs are still sound. I say to you that by strengthening your apparatus to meet the circumstances of the case it is within your power to bring my father back to life if only——"

"You must be mad, sir!" I interjected. "If you think——"

"Mad or not," he retorted, "I am sufficient of a scientist to know that you do not believe it impossible. I say that with sufficient galvanic power you can bring my father back to life for a minute—half a minute—ten seconds, if you will. Long enough for his brain to form and his lips to speak the name of the man who struck him down. I ask you to make the attempt in the name of law and justice, in the name of every man who has held it a holy duty to avenge a father's murder!"

He sank in his chair again, trembling from head to foot. I confess that his proposal had begun to interest me. As I have said, I was a young man—I was of an age when the impossible is easy to accomplish—in dreams. And then his plea that I might be serving the ends of justice by accepting this strange commission had considerable weight with me, to say nothing of the prospect of immortal fame which the chance of success held out to me.

"You can name your own terms," Mr. Marvell said at length. "If you consider five hundred guineas would repay you——"

"We can discuss the terms later," I said. "Supposing I agreed to attempt this thing, how and when should we proceed?"

"It must be done this afternoon about three o'clock," he replied. "Naturally the servants must know nothing—must suspect nothing. But I am expecting the undertaker about five. It will be sufficient if you will be willing to call at the house in a suit of black. I will be there to let you in. Will you require to bring much in the way of apparatus?"

"No," I replied. "I can charge all my batteries here. The instrument I use for the actual experiment will make quite a small parcel."

"And you agree to try it?" he asked.

I thought the matter over carefully for a moment. Look at it which way I would, I could find nothing in the proposed experiment likely to hurt either the conscience or the reputation of an honest man. And on the other hand, the possibility, remote as it was, of even moderate success, fascinated me beyond everything.

"I agree to do this thing," I said quietly but resolutely. And, after he had given me a few additional instructions, Mr. Marvell hurried away.

It was three o'clock precisely as I walked up the steps of the house in Bloomsbury Square. It would be idle to pretend that I was not nervous; and I should admit also that my first enthusiastic hopes of success had not been long-lived. As I stood there, trembling with the apprehension of certain and undignified failure, I had almost resolved to abandon the foolish adventure and return home. But while I still hesitated, the street door opened softly and Mr. Marvell motioned me to step inside, placing his forefinger to his lip to enjoin silence.

It was indeed a house of the dead. Darkened and silent, its effect upon me was horrible, especially as, salve my conscience as I would, I could not conquer the feeling that I was a guilty man. I was taken to a room on the first floor, where, covered with a sheet, the dead man lay on a bed.

"We must be quick," whispered Marvell to me. "If there should be the least sign of life, you will go outside and leave me to speak to my father alone."

I nodded acquiescence, and set about adjusting my apparatus. My hands trembled so violently at first that I was compelled to ask Marvell's assistance once or twice in order to enable me to proceed. The nature of my apparatus I shall not describe. I have done with such experiments for ever, and it is my least desire to tempt others to follow an example that I am now convinced I ought never to have set.

I applied the current gradually at first—beginning with the soles of the dead man's feet. Presently my interest in the absorbing experiment outweighed my fears, and I forgot everything but the work in hand and the mad hopes I had built upon it. Marvell was, after a while, trembling far more than I; and I saw him drink brandy to steady his nerves. Under my directions, he fixed a part of the appliance over the dead man's heart, and another part upon his head. Then I increased the force of the current by degrees, watching fearfully for the least sign that the flesh was being scorched in any part.

Five minutes went by, and then ten. I looked up at Marvell and was astonished to see how much the experiment was affecting him. He stood with his hands tightly gripping the back of a chair, and would not even remove them in order to wipe away the perspiration that rolled in great beads down his face. It was not unnatural that this desecration of the dead should have troubled his mind considerably; but, on

(Continued on page 294)

The Spirit of Blue Water

MISS INA PELLY AS WATER IN "THE BLUE BIRD" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

M. Maeterlinck's beautiful dream play has achieved a great success

(Continued from page 292)

the other hand, it was a work that was a proof of his deep filial devotion. For myself, I had got so interested in the experiment that I no longer regretted I had come to conduct it.

Marvell suddenly gripped me by the arm. "Don't go on—don't go on with it," he whispered hoarsely. "I can't bear it any longer."

I was going to reply, pleading for another few moments or so, when the dead man's mouth twitched spasmodically. I saw it distinctly, and turned to Marvell. He nodded to me to intimate that he, too, had seen the strange thing, and then, gasping for very breath, he staggered forward to make a closer scrutiny. There was more colour in the dead man's face than in Marvell's at that moment.

One of the arms shook and then contracted spasmodically. The movement seemed to fill Marvell with something like desperate courage. He turned slightly towards me without taking his eyes from the dead man, and motioned me outside. Seeing that I hesitated, he pushed me angrily towards the door, and as soon as I had reluctantly quitted the room he bounded after me and locked me out. Since I had agreed to leave him alone at the first sign of apparent consciousness, I could not complain, but I resented bitterly having to abandon my experiment at the point at which it would have been so instructive for me.

How far I had succeeded I could not at first conjecture, as I stood impatiently outside the door. I could only hope that as soon as Marvell had tried his own experiment—that of questioning the temporarily reanimated body—he would call me in again. I comforted myself with the reflection that he would probably tell me everything I really cared to know; and much of the rest I could find out from my subsequent examination of the condition of the corpse.

Nevertheless, I stood at the door and listened eagerly, trying to account for and interpret every movement. I could hear Marvell's heavy breathing—almost a prolonged groan it was. His footsteps, as he moved here and there, were distinctly audible to me. Then my heart beat more quickly, more wildly; for I heard something more than Marvell's step. There was a jerky, shuffling, tottering kind of stride—and I knew it was—the other's!

So far I felt convinced that my experiment had succeeded. The dead had awakened—if not to life at least to something remarkably like the semblance of it. I felt I would have given my right hand if I could only have got into the room to witness the result of my efforts. The shuffling grew more vigorous and at the same time more spasmodic. I heard Marvell whisper a hoarse question—and I heard him moan as he whispered it. Then, all at once, the moan changed to a frightened cry—a gurgling shriek of mingled terror and despair. I heard Marvell's voice calling:

"Help! help! He is at me. Help! Burst the door down quickly! Help! I shall be——"

The cry died away with a sound of choking. I shouted a word of encouragement and set my shoulder vigorously to the door. But I had not the strength to burst the lock. I could do nothing but rush to the head of the stairs and scream like a frightened child:

"Help! help! help!"

A young man came bounding angrily up the stairs, three at a time. He laid a hand on my shoulder and almost shook me in his wrath as he exclaimed in a loud whisper:

"What does this mean? Is this proper behaviour for the house of the dead? Why are you not inside with the other undertaker?"

I pushed him towards the door without replying at once to his question. "Quick!" I gasped. "Help me to burst the door open. I will explain later."

The young man threw himself at the door without waiting for my assistance. Before his burly form the lock snapped like rotten tinder; and the next moment we were in the room.

At the sight before us the young man turned pale and staggered for very fear. I had the greatest difficulty in steadying my own nerves, but the feeling that I was to a large extent responsible for what I saw gave me sufficient courage to go on. With a bound I sprang to the middle of the room.

There on the floor was young Marvell, while lying beside him with his bony fingers digging into Marvell's throat was the dead man. As I judged at the moment, the effect of the galvanism had been to set in motion the muscles that had been stilled by death—they were simply continuing the action that the brain had directed before it had been suddenly stilled like an extinguished lamp. But at the moment I wasted no time in reflection. I flung myself on my knees and strove to tear the fingers away, at the same time appealing to the stranger for assistance.

"Help me—quickly!" I cried, as I looked down on the blackened face and starting eyes of the young man. "Good God! young Marvell is dead. Look at him!"

We dragged the two apart, and then the young man, in a broken voice, exclaimed:

"What is it? This is the man they are looking for. How came he here?"

"This is Mr. Charles Marvell," I explained, endeavouring to find some sign of life in him. "He came to me——"

"No, no!" said the stranger, still speaking tremulously. "*I* am Charles Marvell."

I looked up at the young man in astonishment. There was no doubting the obvious sincerity of his claim. I told him as briefly as possible who I was, and who and what had brought me there. And having said so much, I added, pointing to the strangled man:

"Who—who is he?"

"That man," said he, whom I now knew to be Charles Marvell, "was my father's murderer. The police only succeeded in satisfying themselves as to that this morning. He came to you under false pretences. The question he wanted to ask was the question that my father refused to answer during his life. For that refusal this man struck my father dead, and then, repenting of his folly, came to you in the hope that there might yet be time to get the answer he sought."

I stood looking at the two bodies in dismay, swayed by a hundred accusing thoughts. Mr. Charles Marvell went on:

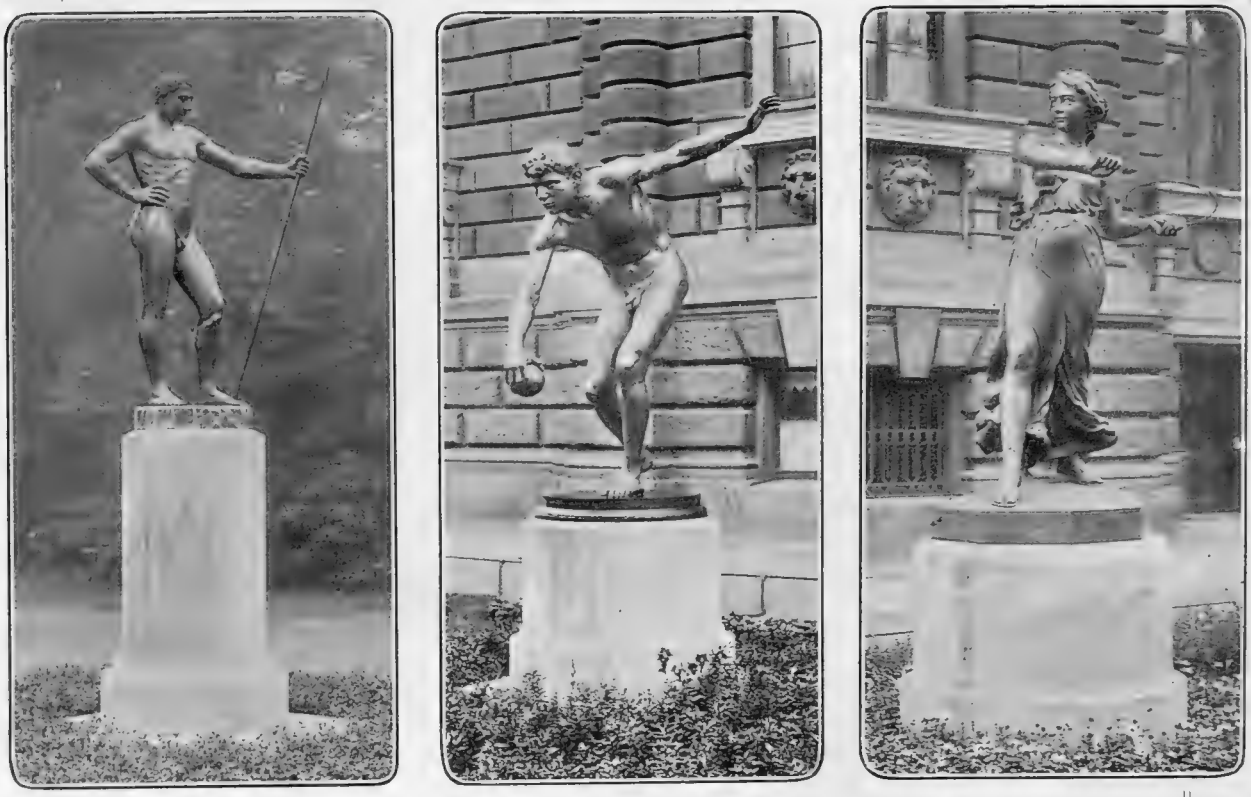
"God has given the answer," he said solemnly. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life. Help me to put some order here, sir," he added, having suddenly grown strangely calm.

And we stretched out the dead reverently, and crossed their hands on their breasts.

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

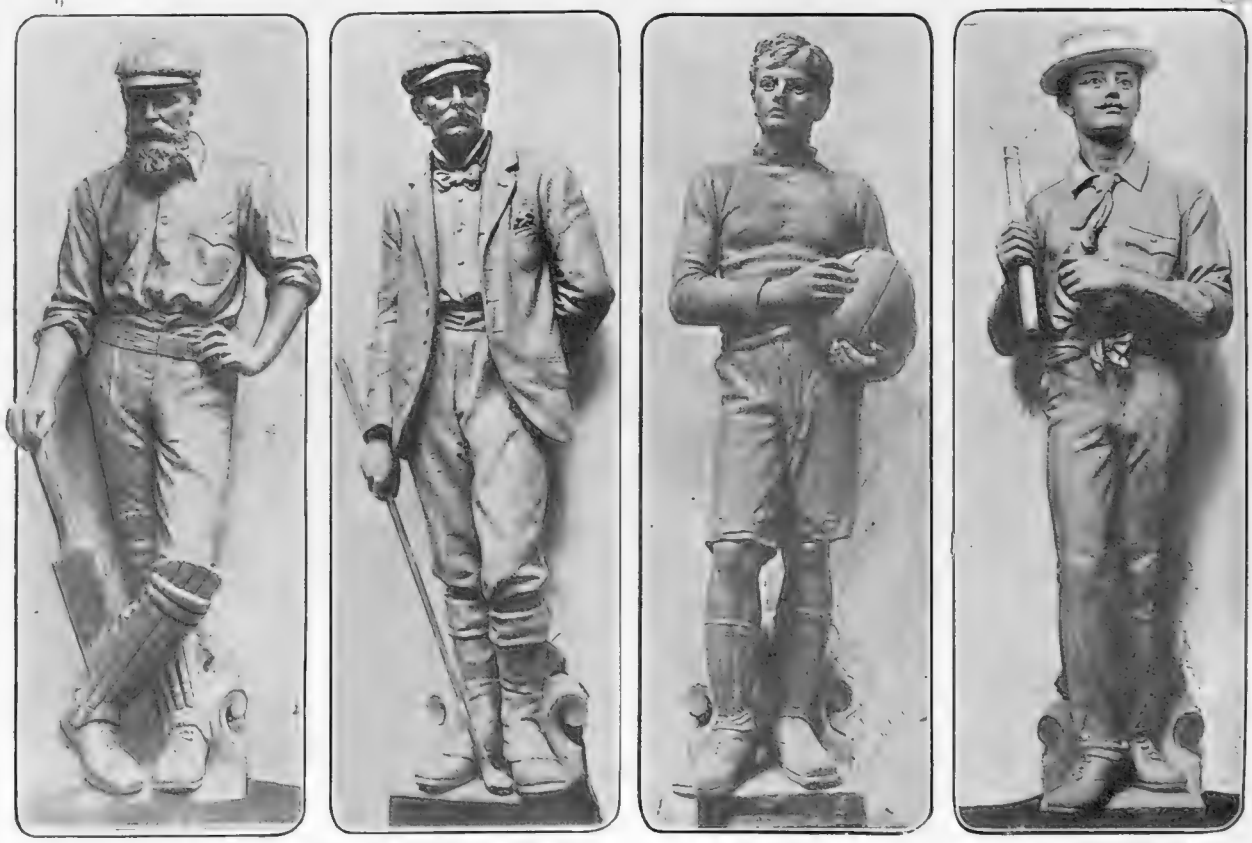
The Statuary of Sport

SHOWN IN TWO WIDELY DIFFERENT STYLES—CLASSIC AND MODERN



THREE EXAMPLES OF THE CLASSIC STYLE OF SPORTING SCULPTURE

Recently Placed Outside the Art Museum in Leipzig: 1) Huntsman, with Spear; (2) Bowl Player; and (3) Ring Thrower



FOUR EXAMPLES OF THE MODERN STYLE OF SPORTING SCULPTURE

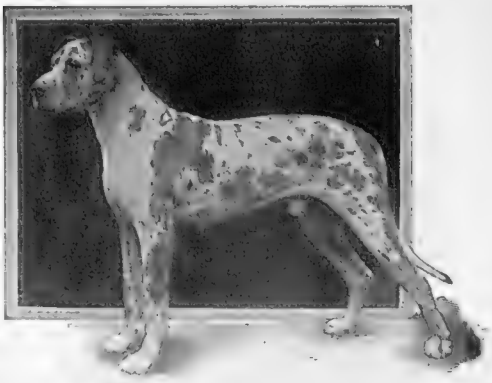
Recently Erected Outside the Premises of Messrs. Gamage, High Holborn, representing respectively, Cricket, Golf, Football, and Lawn Tennis

The reader may be left to decide which of the two styles is the more agreeable to the eye, and also which style of clothing is the more suitable to the purposes of sport

CRUFT'S DOG SHOW

Mr. F. Redmond's Fox-terrier, Ch. Dukedom
Carries his nine years remarkably well

AT Cruft's Show which is being held at the Agricultural Hall this week one may expect to see a large muster of terriers, both smooth and wire-haired. At the present moment there is a dearth of really high-class terriers, but it simply means that breeders have hit upon a bad year or two. No man living has done more for the breed than Mr. Francis Redmond, whose Champion Dukedom helps to illustrate this article. Although far beyond the age at which a terrier looks his best (he was nine years old when the photograph was taken), he has retained his form so well that he can still win. As a sire he has been a great success, three of his puppies alone realising some £600.



The Misses Stark and Kirkwood's Typical Harlequin Great Dane, Ch. Orus of Lockerbie

have sold Champion Totora for a handsome sum if he had been so inclined, for she has had a distinguished bench career, winning fourteen championships and over six hundred other prizes, mainly firsts. She is thoroughly typical in every way, her head being of the best.

Among the toys, beloved of the ladies, Pomeranians still hold an undoubted supremacy, their alert, engaging manners and charming colours appealing irresistibly. Mrs. Houlker's Champion Haughty Prince has won more prizes than one would care to enumerate, and several times he has been placed as the best dog in the show. Pekingese have come on at such a rate during the last five or six years that they promise shortly to threaten the supremacy of the last-mentioned little dog. Why they should have bounded into fashion so suddenly is one of those things that cannot be explained. The first specimens reached this country after the occupation of the Summer Palace in Pekin by the allied forces in the early 'sixties, and ever since the strain has been kept up by the Duchess of Richmond and Lord John Hay.

Major and Mrs. Borman's Borzoi Ch. Ramsden Rajah
Has no equal at the present day

Mrs. Ashton Cross's Pekingese, Ch. Chu-Erh of Alderbourne
For which £1,500 has been refused

Next to fox-terriers, if the registration figures serve as a correct index, come bulldogs, which have been at the top of a boom for several years. This started with the sale of Rodney Stone to Mr. Richard Croker, jun., for 5,000 dollars, since when others have gone to the United States for the magic four figures in pounds sterling. No doubt Mr. C. J. Bridgland could

Mr. C. J. Bridgland's Bull Bitch, Ch. Totora
Has won over six hundred prizes

Lady Samuelson's Japanese, Ch. Tombo
Only weighs 4lb., and is about the best imported dog we have seen

The Great Dane is one of the noblest representatives of the canine race, a striking sub-variety being the Harlequin, of which a well-known winner is the Misses Stark and Kirkwood's Ch. Orus of Lockerbie. He is as handsome as paint. The Borzoi, too, will always be a favourite owing to his beautiful coat and graceful outline. Major and Mrs. Borman's Ch. Ramsden Rajah is one of the best we have ever had in England.

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

No. X
The Blackmore Vale

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY
Leonard Willoughby

Famous Hunts at Home: No. X.—The Blackmore Vale: Mr. F. J. B. Wingfield Digby, Master, with William Welch, the Huntsman. Above is a photograph of the lady pack in kennel

Mr. Wingfield Digby is very popular with everybody, and previous to taking over the Blackmore Vale was Master of the Sparkfield Harriers—a very old pack. As a huntsman he promises well, and as experience is gained he will undoubtedly make his name. A fine, bold rider, with youth on his side, owner of a beautiful pack of hounds, a delightful old home in the centre of the country, and a charming wife, Mr. Wingfield Digby has everything to make his lot a pleasant one

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

No. X.—The Blackmore Vale

The Blackmore Vale Kennels and Village of Charlton Horethorne

THE followers of the Blackmore Vale Hounds are very fortunate in having at the head of affairs a Master who is not only a very keen sportsman but also owner of a considerable portion of the country over which hounds hunt. In Mr. Wingfield Digby the Hunt has the right man in the right place, one who is showing excellent sport in this far-famed country. The Hunt dates from 1826, and as at present constituted from 1831, when the Rev. Harry Farr Yeatman had a pack which hunted hare, fox, and roedeer, these latter having been imported from Canada by Lord Dorchester. Mr. Yeatman purchased his pack from Mr. Templar, of Devonshire, and he also bought Mr. Osbaldeston's hound, Furrier. For one season Mr. Hall hunted part of the country—1834—and the first Viscount Portman, by arrangement with Mr. Hall, hunted a portion from 1831 to 1840. Mr. Drax also started a pack to hunt over his own property, owing to dissension with Mr. Farquharson, and it is from this Hunt that the direct succession of Masters of the Blackmore Vale follows. Mr. Drax was in command from 1833 to 1853, and from then to 18[illegible] Mr. G. Whieldon, Captain Stanley, and Viscount Dungarvan were joint Masters. For one season Lord Harry Thynne was Master, followed by Mr. R. Strachey for a season and Captain Stanley for another season. Then came Mr. G. Wingfield Digby, of Sherborne Park, from 1858 to 1865, and during his Mastership he built the present kennels at Charlton Horethorne. Sir R. Glyn succeeded till 1884, followed by Mr. Merthyr Guest till 1900.

The country lies in Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, and is bisected by the London and South Western Railway, a line which is most useful for hunting men visiting this pack. It is pleasant to be able to add a word concerning the good feeling shown by this excellent railway to the Hunt. It courteously gives keys to all the gates on its system, which touches the Blackmore Vale country. From north to south the country covers about twenty-one miles by twenty-five east to west. In the north it adjoins the South and West Wilts, on the west the Cattistock, on the south the Cattistock again and South Dorset, and on the east Lord Portman's. The Blackmore Vale country is divided up into three vales—the Pulham Vale, which consists of big banks; the Stalbridge Vale, which has fly fences and big banks; and the Sparkfield Vale, which has fly fences and is a galloping country.

A Painting by Sir Francis Grant of Mr. G. Wingfield Digby
Who built the Blackmore Vale kennels and was Master 1858-1865

The Master (Mr. Wingfield Digby), the Huntsman (W. Welch), the Whippers-in (J. Welch and J. Smith), with the Lady Pack

The pack consists of fifty-six and a half couple of hounds, of which twenty-two couple are dogs. They are a fairly level lot, showing a good deal of Belvoir tan. The dogs have good necks and shoulders and a fair amount of bone. Good ribs, good noses, and lots of stamina are their chief characteristics. The bitches are an exceedingly good pack, and simply excellent in their work. With a beautiful cry, very fast and true, they hunt well together, and are very handy. As a result, up till now over seventy brace of foxes have been accounted for, and probably one hundred brace will stand to their credit at the close of the season. The fields average two hundred to three hundred in the Stalbridge and Sparkfield meets, and about one hundred in the other. As a rule, they are exceptionally well-mounted. Ladies are much in evidence with the Blackmore Vale. The Hunt horses are mostly Irish, and are compact, short-legged animals, suitable for this stiff country.

A Group at Sherborne Castle

From left to right: Mr. F. J. B. Wingfield Digby, Master John Wingfield Digby, Sir Randolph Baker, M.P., and Mr. Essex Wingfield Digby

Many people come down for the season to hunt with this most sporting pack, while most of the county people, officers from Salisbury, farmers and tradesmen locally, help to swell "the glad throng."

Sherborne Castle, Dorset: East Side

The owner of this fine old castle, built by Sir Walter Raleigh in Elizabeth's time, is Mr. F. J. B. Wingfield Digby, Master of the Blackmore Vale Hunt

GAMES AND PASTIMES

BILLIARDS. RUGBY FOOTBALL. ROWING BADMINTON.

BILLIARDS

To Sit or Not to Sit?

In the world of billiards, W. A. Lovejoy, once an amateur, now a professional, is the recognised purveyor of surprise packets. It was Lovejoy who "discovered" the "anchor," or "cradle," cannon, which rendered possible breaks of such alarming magnitude that it had to be legislated out of existence; and now he has come forward with another surprise, which takes the form of a light stool, upon which he sits in order to make certain shots — principally losing hazards when playing from the D. He showed his sense of humour by springing this novelty upon the public just at election time, when all the talk was of "seats" of another kind. He thought he might just as well be in the fashion and try for a seat, too. Apparently it is a tolerably safe seat, for the referee in the match in which he first used the stool decided that, as the laws at present stand, there is nothing to prohibit it. Still, of course, the idea that anybody should be allowed to sit down to play billiards is regarded as highly revolutionary, unorthodox, improper, etc., etc. As my colleague, Mr. Lehmann, suggested last week, golfers will be sitting down to their putts next. Lovejoy's contention is that, being a very tall man, he is at a disadvantage, as compared with his less elongated adversaries, on a table of the height at present in vogue; he cannot "get down" to certain shots properly and stay there in order to play a sequence of them without discomfort. The suggested answer to this is, What about John Roberts, the "big man" of billiards in every sense of the word? *He* got on pretty well without sitting down. However, time will soon show whether Lovejoy's latest is more than a nine days' wonder or not. His magic stool did not prevent him from losing the first match in which he used it, and up to the time of writing he has not done anything phenomenal in the big break line with its aid. When he does, it will be time enough for the upholders of orthodoxy to start shouting.

Will he Retain his Seat?

W. A. Lovejoy, the versatile billiard professional, who has introduced the unusual, but apparently perfectly legitimate, practice of sitting down to certain strokes in the game

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Mobbs for Poulton

I am one of the very last people to suggest that sentiment ought to play any part in the deliberations of the selection committee of the Rugby Union, but all the same I cannot help giving expression to a feeling of regret that the committee could not see their way to selecting the victorious team against Wales *en bloc* for the next International next Saturday against Ireland. That team had succeeded in doing what no other English team had done for twelve years, and to leave it to take the field again unaltered would have been the most fitting way of recognising its prowess. As it is, one alteration has been made. It may be that between the time at which I am writing and the day of the match illness or other unavoidable causes may lead to others, but at any rate one alteration has been made in the selected team—the substitution of E. R. Mobbs for R. W. Poulton at three-quarter. I am one of Mobbs's most ardent admirers, and, of course, we

Surrey v. Kent: The Surrey Goal-keeper Repels a Vigorous Attack

In this ladies' hockey match at Surbiton on January 31, Surrey beat Kent by 3 goals to 2. Miss Sargent, who kept goal finely for Surrey, is also a prominent lawn tennis player. So is Miss E. G. Johnson, a former International and Captain of Surrey, who is seen on the extreme right

all know that if he had been fit and well at the time he would probably have been chosen against Wales in preference to Poulton. That does not affect my contention; neither does the fact that Poulton did not happen on the day to be one of the shining lights of the team against Wales. This is just one of those cases in which comparisons are odious. If Poulton had been a mere substitute or stop-gap there might be something to be said for his rejection, but nobody in his senses can suggest that he was that. He was deliberately chosen because of his undoubted ability as a try-getter, and the most that can be said is that, as it so happened, he got but few opportunities of showing that ability. Moreover, if one once begins criticising and comparing, ere are others who did not quite fulfil pectations on the English side. But hat of that? The side, collectively, was good enough to beat Wales, and hat more *do* you want? Team-picking is a fascinating sport, and there were several suggestions made in the Press for improving this particular team, which, if changes were to be made at all, could well have been adopted. But the right policy would have been to let well severely alone. And to make one solitary change seems to be a peculiarly invidious proceeding.

A. D. Stoop

The greatest "Rugger" genius of the day. He captains the English XV. against Ireland next Saturday at Twickenham

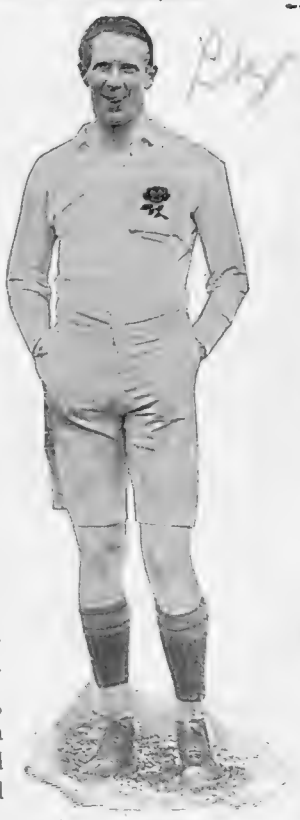
ROWING

The Sculling Championship

Professional sculling, like the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, appears to depend for its existence and support upon voluntary contributions. The question whether Ernest Barry, the professional champion of England, will succeed in wresting the grander title of professional champion of the world from its present holder, Dick Arnst, has got, for the moment, to give way to another question — whether sufficient funds will be forthcoming to enable him to make the attempt. However, a fund has been started by the *Sportsman*, and a spirit-stirring appeal made to the sporting instincts of the great B.P. to provide Barry with the needful. Moreover, it is quite refreshing to note the sublime confidence which is reposed in the open-handedness of the great B.P. aforesaid when it is invited, in the sacred name of sport, to stump up. Pending the fructification of the fund preparations have already commenced. The necessary paraphernalia, including boats, sculls, and so forth, have been ordered, and Barry and his trainer, the famous ex-champion, Tom Sullivan, have got to work on the Thames. May their training operations prosper, and when the fateful contest comes off may they at any rate give their patrons a run for their money.

Ernest Barry Starts Training

Ernest Barry, the English professional sculling champion, has challenged Richard Arnst, the holder, for the championship of the world. The race is to be rowed on the Zambesi in August, and Barry has already gone into training, while his backers, presumably, are still going into figures



E. R. Mobbs

(Northampton), who has been chosen to play for England against Ireland in place of R. W. Poulton, England's left-wing three-quarter, against Wales

BADMINTON

A Corner in Champions

The *dictum* of a well-known lawn tennis player that it takes seven years to make a champion seems to apply equally well to badminton. At the beginning of the season I expressed a doubt whether any fresh additions were likely to be made to the charmed circle of the first-class, and so far my forecast has proved tolerably accurate. In badminton open tournaments are not nearly as numerous as in lawn tennis, and it is seldom that there is more than one of them going at a time. The result is that about half a dozen crack players who lay themselves out to "go the round" are practically able to sweep the board, whether in London, Dublin, Aberdeen, Manchester, or elsewhere, and the tale of their repeated victories is becoming a trifle monotonous. I wonder how long this state of affairs will last?

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

A Day on the Ashdown Forest Links

The whirligig of time brings many changes, especially to those like myself, alas! who have passed their jubilee year. Reflections of this nature, some happy, some mournful, crowded in upon me when I received an invitation from my home club in the district in which I live to support them in a match against the Cambridge team. Although within easy reach of the Ashdown Forest course, I regret to say that I do not often go over there. My experiences of team matches there have been confined to two unhappy occasions in which I did battle for the club against the local artisan club, the Cantelupe, which can boast of an undefeated record in its matches against its lords and masters. I prefer not to dwell on my personal experiences at the hands of one of the numerous family of Mitchells in the two Armageddons in which I was one of the numerous victims on our side. It was, therefore, with some trepidation that I accepted the invitation to form one of the club team against the present hope of Cambridge. The prospect of playing against some ardent young undergraduate who had been born seven or eight years after I had taken my degree distinctly gave me pause. However, I was keen to get some idea of the present-day standard of 'Varsity golf, and also of the alterations that have been made within the last two years in the Ashdown Forest course.

The Old and the New

Reader, have you ever been down to this charming and picturesque course? It takes very high rank indeed among natural inland courses. It has no artificial hazards, and it has one green, the famous island or sixth green, which has the unique distinction among putting-greens of having been endowed with a permanent income for its upkeep by an old golfer who expressed his admiration for it in terms of cash. The recent changes have, to some extent, affected this famous hole. In consequence of the lengthening of the fifth hole, which instead of being a one-shot hole has now become one of two full shots and an approach, the island green is played from a different point. The change is somewhat like that made in the Maiden at Sandwich. Further length has been got by a new back tee to the first hole, necessitating a really long carry over a valley if the player is to make himself for the approach to the hole; on the day I played, with the wind against us, the second shot was a full bang. Unfortunately, so far as judging play was concerned, the day of our match found the ground frost-bound, with all the greens covered with hoar-frost. But even so, taking a line by the two men I played against, the standard of 'Varsity golf has improved out of all knowledge since my time. One of the players came pretty low in the regular Cambridge team, while the other whom I met in the afternoon laughed when I asked him if he had a chance of playing against Oxford. Yet either of these players would have taken extremely high rank in those old days when we used to trudge to that horrible makeshift of a course called Coldham Common. Further memories of that old time were recalled by the figure of our gallant captain, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, who led our team to victory, and who, when I first met him, led the Oxford team against us at Wimbledon in 1882. Though his brown locks of those days have changed their hue to a colour more in keeping with the greens we played over at Ashdown Forest with their covering of snowy hoar-frost, yet his hands have lost none of their cunning, and just as in 1882 he defeated the best man we could pit against him, so in 1910 he proved too good for the pick of the Cambridge team in the match which brought back these old memories to me. ERNEST LEHMANN.

AT THE 'VARSITIES

THE BOAT RACE, FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, AND LACROSSE

Boat Race Criticism

With the advent of Ash Wednesday—the usual date on which the rival crews enter upon their course of strict training—interest in the Boat Race begins to show a perceptible increase. The beginning of Lent, too, foreshadows the removal of the crews to other than home waters, Oxford, as usual, making Henley, and Cambridge again Ely, the half-way house to Putney. With the eights definitely completed, barring, of course, mishaps, the daily chronicle of their doings is read with growing eagerness, especially by the Metropolitan public anxious to know the sort of crews they may expect on the tideway. Though it is inadequately realised, there is small question that the early criticism makes or mars a crew from, at any rate, the London public's point of view. If one of the rival combinations is spoken of at Henley as moderate, it generally remains in the public mind of a poor standard at Putney; a good crew on the Ouse becomes of high standard on the Thames, for the generality of folk are too insufficiently educated in aquatic science to be able to form their own opinion, and too much of the newspaper criticism nowadays appears mistaken or obscure. To take the most recent of all instances to prove this. Last year's Oxford crew were "damned" at Henley; they were spoken of as ponderous, as lacking in driving power and without uniformity. Cambridge at Ely were "immense"; better than in any of the previous three years; possessing superabundant leg-work, and of capital homogenity. At Putney, therefore, Oxford were throughout contemned by the public and by the majority of critics alike. Cambridge were "magnificent"; the race could only end one way; Cambridge had only to go to the stake-boat to win a handsome victory, and Stuart a record of successes. Most folk neglected the improvement of the Oxford men; they failed to remark the deterioration of Cambridge. And we know what happened. In how many cases, one wonders, has the victorious crew, if arriving at Putney with the poorer reputation, been "tipped" to win the race? By the way, the expletive, "Bang it all!" which has emerged from the phrase "He banged the door!" and is gaining in popularity among Tariff Reformers, has yet to be heard on the towpath.

"Soccer" and Hockey

Next week will be time enough to commit myself definitely, if at all, on the issues of the representative Association football and hockey matches. For the moment one may content oneself by remarking that only the Cambridge "Soccer" team gives evidence of attaining the usual standard; the Light Blues, if they avoid the falling off of a year ago, may prove at Queen's to be even better than average. Poulton's inclusion in the Oxford hockey side counterbalances the loss of C. P. Leese, and with Lagden coming in at left full-back, the side will doubtless prove a well-balanced and capable one.

The Lacrosse Sides

Despite the fact that they lack Michaelmas term practice, the Cambridge lacrosse side are settling down into a really formidable combination, and though Oxford possess the best side which has ever represented that University since the inauguration of the contests, the Dark Blues will have to go all the way for victory. Cameron's absence will not be so much felt if Salter finds himself able to turn out regularly, but in any event Meservey, of New College, should make an efficient substitute. He is quite new to the game, but is improving rapidly. Adamson's return on the attack is very welcome, and either Spread or Yates, probably the former, should secure the last place. R. C. R.

"The English Nation is the first in the world in matters of personal cleanliness, and it is, therefore, all the more astonishing that so little serious attention is paid to the proper care of the mouth and teeth. The consequence is—and this is fully proved by statistics—that the English have more defective teeth and endure more suffering from diseases of the digestive organs than any other people in the world."

Odol is the first and only preparation for cleansing the mouth and teeth which exercises its antiseptic and refreshing powers *not only* during the few moments of application, but continuously for *some hours* afterwards.

Odol, as has been scientifically proved, penetrates the interstices of the teeth and the mucous membrane of the mouth, to a certain extent impregnating them, and thus securing a safeguard and preservative for the teeth such as no other dentifrice can provide, not even approximately.

Those who find the Standard flavour of Odol somewhat too strong and pungent for their liking should try the Sweet Rose flavour, which possesses a most fascinating fragrance, and is especially suitable for ladies. The special Odol properties are the same in both.

RACING AND HUNTING NOTIONS

A Poor Winter Season

So far this season steeplechasing has been exceedingly bald and uninspiring. We have scarcely had a really rousing performance since November, and it is generally agreed that our jumpers are a very moderate lot. Take away Cackler and Jerry M., and the land is barren indeed. Fortunately, there was a marked improvement in the sport seen at Sandown Park last week-end. Fields were large for the most part, and although many of the favourites were vanquished, it was distinctly a good sporting meeting. Duller's stable, which has been in remarkable form all the winter, captured the big hurdle race. Backers made an excellent shot to spot the winner of the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, Razorbill carrying a rare lot of money. I was glad to have been able to point out last week the chance possessed by Smithfield for the Mole Steeplechase, as winners are not too easy to find at this time of the year.

Hurst Park Prospects

Now that cross-country sport seems to have got more vigorously into its strides, the ensuing six weeks ought to be marked by some excellent fun until culminating in the greatest of all steeplechases. For example, the meeting at Hurst Park this week is one of peculiar interest. With reasonable luck we might find the winner of the Grand National there; in point of fact, the Champion Steeplechase is a sort of National in miniature. This is the event in which last year Lutteur III. gave a brilliant foretaste of his magnificent quality; twelve months previously Rubio had prefaced his success at Liverpool by putting up a good performance at Hurst Park. Really, then, the straight tip would seem to be to follow the form at Hurst Park in endeavouring to obtain a line as to prospects of the Grand National. It is quite possible that **Caubeen** will win the Champion Steeplechase on Wednesday and follow it up by scoring at Liverpool. The Mole Hurdle Handicap may be won by **Gallivant** and the Molesey Steeplechase by **Smithfield.** On Thursday **Carntoi** is my selection for the February Hurdle Race, and **Bedgrove** for the Grange Steeplechase. CARBINE.

The Elections and Masterships

Has the result of the recent elections had anything to do with the numerous changes of Masterships announced during the past fortnight? It is a curious fact that up to the second week of January the number of vacant foxhunting countries was appreciably below the average for the time of the year. It really looked as though Masters of Hounds were looking forward to a new Government, and were sticking to their responsible and expensive positions in the hope of a welcome change in political affairs. Then came the polling, with the Liberals and their associates returned to power again. This appears to have been the signal for a large number of hunting resignations. During the past few days it has been announced that Lord Huntingdon, as I stated last week, is giving up the Atherstone Hounds, Mr. Miles J. Stapylton has resigned the York and Ainsty, Mr. John Swire has relinquished the Essex Hounds, and Mr. Henry Connop has resigned the command of the East Sussex after a single season in office. And there are others. Of course, the result of the General Election may have no bearing at all upon these resignations, but the coincidence is decidedly curious.

Photo *Sport and General*

Cambridge University Steeplechases at Cottenham

Mr. Pickergill's Ballet Girl II., winner of the Hunter's Challenge Cup last Thursday, takes a water jump

Vacant Countries

These and sundry other changes go to make up a formidable list of vacant hunting countries. Alarmists will say, "Where are all the new Masters to come from?" Well, there have been many vacancies in bygone years, and in the end all have been suitably filled. So I make no doubt new blood will be forthcoming once again this season. The trouble is that these repeated changes tend to upset things in the countries concerned. New Masters have new methods, and some of them insist upon innovations which are apt to be rather disconcerting to supporters of the Hunt. On the other hand, alterations may be advantageous. A change of Masters is entirely a lottery. Young sportsmen who aspire to the pleasures of Mastership will have plenty of opportunities of gratifying their desire this year. Many of the vacant countries have a difficulty in finding a new Master in the ranks of their own members, and, therefore, are resorting to the expediency of advertising for a new leader. It seems to be a little strange that so many hunting countries nowadays should be in the hands of strangers with no landed interest or other stake in the country; but the records of foxhunting show that much the same thing prevailed in the early days of the Chase. A. W. C.

THE ISLAND OF MONTSERRAT

(WEST INDIES)

"And now on the leeward bow, another gray mountain island rose. This was Montserrat, which I should have gladly visited, as I had been invited to do; for little Montserrat is just now the scene of a very hopeful and important experiment. The Messrs. Sturge have established there a large plantation of limes, and a manufactory of Lime Juice, which promises to be able to supply, in good time, vast quantities of that most useful of all sea medicines, and I for one heartily bid God speed to the enterprise."
—"*At Last*," *by Rev. Charles Kingsley.*

THE little island of Montserrat, considered the most healthy of the Antilles, is situated 16° 45′ north latitude and 61° west longitude, and is about eight miles in length from north to south, by a breadth of five miles from east to west.

The first lime tree orchards were planted in 1852 by Mr. Burke, an enterprising planter then living in the island; but, about twenty-five years ago, more extensive lime plantations were established by Messrs Sturge, of Birmingham, and by the Montserrat Company is the lime gallon, and sometimes adulterated with salt water by the negroes to increase its bulk.

Up to time of the Montserrat Co. introducing their Lime-fruit juice, *pure* Lime-juice from a regular source of supply was practically unknown, many offered being such only in name, either being prepared from lemon-juice or artificial compounds. No less momentous and far-reaching has been the result of the gathering of the lime fruit in Montserrat, and the introduction of the fruit juice into this country. For many years the Navy, our first line of defence, and our Mercantile Marine, suffered severely from scurvy, and on that account the Admiralty decided to supply the Service and all British ships with lime-juice. The results show the wisdom of their action; both are now practically free from that terrible scourge. When our armies go forth to war the commissariat

The "Circe," a three-masted barque, has just arrived in the Mersey, her sole cargo being about 50,000 gallons of the celebrated "MONTSERRAT" Lime-Fruit Juice. She was specially chartered by the Montserrat Co. for the purpose, and made the voyage from Montserrat to Liverpool in thirty-one days. She returns to Montserrat to obtain a further cargo. Captain Scott has selected this brand of Lime-Juice for his next voyage to the Antarctic, having on previous voyages found advantages in having it All the sledges will carry it. Consumers of Lime-Juice should see that they get the "Montserrat"

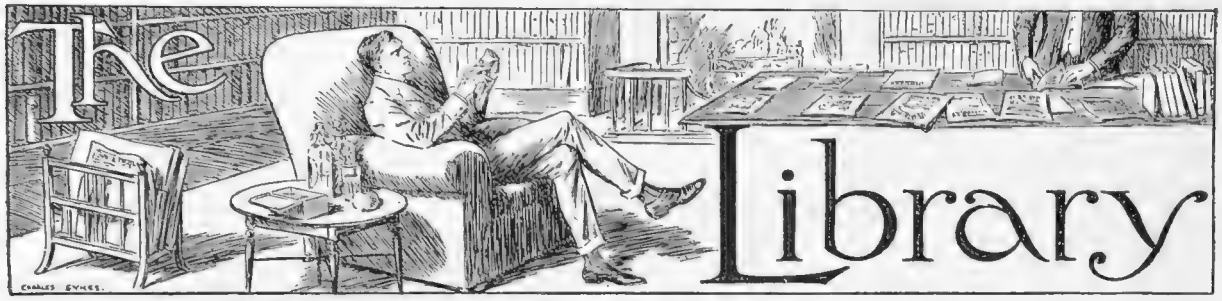
systematically cultivated on a large scale, for the purpose of supplying Pure Lime-Fruit Juice.

The plantations of the Montserrat Company already cover nearly 1,000 *acres, and contain* 200,000 *trees, and more than* 100,000 *gallons of Pure Lime-Fruit Juice have been imported annually into England.*

This juice is brought over in large casks to this country, when, after being allowed to settle, it is clarified and bottled by the sole consignees, whose trade mark is on the capsule of each bottle, as a guarantee to the public, and with the care with which it is prepared, racked, and bottled, it retains its flavour, citricity, and brightness for an indefinite period. Much of the lime-juice from which some lime-juice cordials are manufactured is made from the fruit of the trees that now grow *wild* so abundantly in Jamaica, Tahiti, etc., the negroes going about the country squeezing the fruit they find under the scattered trees into a pail with a wooden kitchen lemon-squeezer. This juice is bought by the merchants for a few pence a

invariably selects lime-juice as the needful beverage. There could be no more striking picture of perfect health in manhood than the C.I.V.'s when they returned from South Africa—and we are told that lime-juice was their drink. The troops in the Soudan war were all supplied with daily rations of lime-juice. The *Lancet* has very ably recommended lime-fruit-juice as one of the best and most wholesome beverages extant, and also recommended the public to obtain the best lime-juice, and not concoctions sold under that name. They also stated as follows in 1870: "We have subjected the samples of the lime-fruit-juice of the Montserrat Company to full analysis, with a view to test its quality and purity. We have found it to be in sound condition, and entirely free from adulteration."

N.B.—The only GOLD MEDAL awarded Lime-Juice at both the recent Exhibitions at St. Louis, U.S.A., and Cape Town, South Africa, was awarded to "Montserrat" Lime-Juice.



A Well-Written Novel

The novel is all too rare wherein the author succeeds in drawing all his characters so well as completely to enlist his readers' sympathies from the outset. Such a novel is *The Golden Straw*, by J. E. Buckrose (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*). Here we have a story of ordinary people leading an everyday country life. There is practically no plot to speak of, and what plot there is seems to be as old as the hills. And yet our interest in the story is never allowed to flag. We seem to breathe the same free atmosphere as Mr. Buckrose's characters, and to share their joys and sympathise with them in their sorrows. Young Walgate is deeply in love with Averild Verley, the pretty heroine of the story, and he firmly believes his love to be reciprocated. In these circumstances we quite sympathise with him when, after repeated refusals, he finally goes off indignant. At the same time, we are deeply touched by the pathos of Averild's refusals. We feel sure that there is a very strong reason for them. It transpires that while studying music abroad Averild had been secretly married to Winship, the drunken ne'er-do-well of the story. Of this marriage she had not breathed a word to a soul, and even her parents were unaware of it. Winship finally meets a tragic death by drowning, and thus clears a path for a happy ending. Walgate and Averild are the most convincing people in the book, but the author has given us a very clever character-sketch in Hunt. Here we have a young, very ambitious, and would-be honest man, who has discovered a soap that he calls "Fadeless Foam." But he wants capital badly, and when he chances to find upon Walgate's land some thousands of pounds in gold, which had been buried there by Walgate's uncle, he "borrows" it without telling anybody, fully intending to repay it when his "Fadeless Foam" has achieved the success he expected from it. Hunt is also deeply in love with Averild, and his people fondly hope "that something may come of it." An amusing touch is lent to the story by the very intemperate village loafer, Truslove, who was a witness of Hunt's "borrowing," and earns very good wages with very little work by continually reminding the latter of his knowledge. *A Golden Straw* is a book that the girl of fifteen *may* read and be none the worse.

Averild

The heroine of J. E. Buckrose's new novel, "A Golden Straw," which is published by Messrs. Mills and Boon at 6*s.* The above is a reproduction of the frontispiece to the book

A Surgeon and his Patient's Wife

Golden Aphrodité, by Winifred Crispe (S. Paul and Co.: 6*s.*), is, to say the least, an original story, and a by no means unentertaining one. Monkweirmth, a famous surgeon, undertakes to cure a crusty old millionaire, Sir Piers Mostyn, of a complaint which has been the despair of the medical profession, on condition that, if successful, he gets two-thirds of his patient's fortune of three million pounds. The compact having been made, Monkweirmth is introduced to Sir Piers' wife. To the former's surprise he finds Lady Mostyn a young and exceedingly beau iful girl, who does not at all take his interference on her husband's behalf in good part; in fact, she makes it tolerably plain that she would rather let the disease take its course and rid her of a husband who treats her anything but well. But Monkweirmth's word is his bond, and the cure commences. As Sir Piers gets stronger in health, stronger grows Monkweirmth's affection for Lady Mostyn. A pretty state of affairs to be sure! The surgeon, in honour bound, cures the man, whom his worse counsels prompt to leave to his fate. Well, I will leave the reader to unravel the rest for himself, and I wager he will find no lack of entertainment in the process.

The 1910 issue of *The Advertisers' A.B.C.* (T. B. Browne: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) is replete with useful information. It is the most elaborate, comprehensive, and accurate directory of its class, while its printing and general get-up is excellent. The specimen advertisements are specially worthy of notice. The volume contains a complete directory of the newspapers of the United Kingdom and lists of all the leading publications of the world. An interesting article is that on bill-posting, illustrated with colour reproductions of examples of modern poster art.

THE WONDERS OF THE MODERN METHOD

of Curing Illness without Medicine

A REMARKABLE OFFICIAL CONFIRMATION OF MR. SANDOW'S WELL-KNOWN TREATMENT

THE name of Eugen Sandow, the founder and pioneer of this method of treating illness, is widely known. The claims he has put forward cannot have failed, at some time or another, to come to the notice of every reader of a newspaper. Hundreds of thousands of invalids must have read about the wonderful cures of chronic cases of all sorts which he has brought about. But an ill man or an ill woman is rightly very careful about accepting claims put forward by the pioneer of any new method, however sound it may seem. There is no doubt whatever that hundreds — nay, more probably thousands — of sufferers who have not done so would have followed Mr. Sandow's advice and adopted a course of scientific exercise as a cure for their troubles had they only been perfectly assured that the claims put forward were not only not exaggerated, but considerably understated.

Photo *Halftones*

MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE

The well-known proprietor of "Truth"

"Truth" and Mr. Sandow's Method

Now this is exactly what has been proved by the *Truth* investigation to be the case in connection with Mr. Sandow and his Institute of Curative Physical Culture.

Ever watchful for the welfare of the public, the newspaper *Truth* has recently investigated the results of many thousands of cases of invalids in all parts of the country who have in the first instance called upon or written to Mr. Sandow for advice, and subsequently followed his suggestions in the adoption of the drugless cure. The result of this investigation is absolutely astonishing.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred benefited, and ninety-four out of every hundred completely cured—and most of them serious or chronic cases, which everything else had failed to relieve. A magnificent record indeed! A record of which any man might be proud.

Everyone will admit that the newspaper "Truth" has been the most valuable organ in the world for distinguishing between the genuine and the unreliable in matters of Health Treatment in particular as well as other questions. The torn portion of the Cover discloses one sentence in the "Truth" Investigator's report on Mr. Sandow's Treatment of Illness by Scientific Exercise, which every delicate, weak, or ill Man, Woman, or Child cannot too carefully study. It means that Health and Strength are within reach of 99 out of every 100 Ailing

An Antidote for the Self-Drugging Habit

And what does it prove? It shows that practically all ailing persons who are to-day taking medicines for the cure of their ailments are subjecting themselves to an unnatural ordeal in order to reach the goal of health when by natural means — means so pleasant that all who undertake Mr. Sandow's course of exercises delight in them—they might reach that goal infinitely more quickly and by a far pleasanter road. While practically every sub-acute and chronic illness is amenable to cure by this system of Curative Physical Exercise, there are some especially adaptable to treatment by this means; and among these might be mentioned stoutness, constipation, indigestion, spinal curvature, acquired deformities, and nervous breakdowns.

Photo *Warwick Brookes*

MR. EUGEN SANDOW

The Founder and greatest exponent of the science of curing illness without drugs

Mr. Sandow's Offer

Those who are unable to call and see Mr. Sandow are prescribed for by letter, if they carefully give full particulars of their conditions, etc. But where it is possible a personal visit is invited. No fee is charged for the consultation. No payment is necessary until the patient has decided upon taking a course, and then the charge is within everybody's means.

However, all readers who suffer from any complaint and find it difficult to call personally at the Institute, should fill in and forward the form below to Mr. Sandow at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., selecting a copy of the booklet in the Health Library detailed below dealing with their particular trouble. With it will also be forwarded a reprint of *Truth's* report, and a personal letter of advice on the suitability of each case for treatment by his method.

The Titles of the Booklets in the Sandow Health Library, for which application is invited, are :—

Vol. Fully Illustrated.	Vol. Fully Illustrated.	Vol. Fully Illustrated.	Vol. Fully Illustrated.
1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia.	7. Obesity in Women.	13. Lack of Vigour.	19. Physical Development for Men.
2. Constipation and its Cure.	8. Heart Affections.	14. Physical Deformities in Men.	20. Everyday Health.
3. Liver Troubles.	9. Lung and Chest Complaints.	15. Physical Deformities in Women.	21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments.
4. Nervous Disorders in Men.	10. Rheumatism and Gout.	16. Functional Defects in Speech.	22. Figure Culture for Women.
5. Nervous Disorders in Women.	11. Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure.	17. Circulatory Disorders.	23. Insomnia.
6. Obesity in Men.	12. Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic.	18. Skin Disorders.	24. Neurasthenia.

"THE BYSTANDER'S" Special Form for obtaining Mr. Sandow's Advice & Literature concerning the Sandow Treatment

To EUGEN SANDOW, 32, St. James' Street, London.

Please send me a copy of Vol.....together with your opinion as to whether mine is a case for Treatment by scientific exercise.

Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, or other title. } NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Essential particulars are: Age..... Occupation.....

Ailment or physical defect from which relief is desired.....suffered since.....

Give here full particulars of your present condition and symptoms, continuing on a sheet of your ordinary notepaper if necessary. }.....

MOTORING BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Something New and Strange in Motor Vehicles

A Chinese dragon, owned by a 'Frisco firm of Chinese merchants, mounted on three motor-cars. This weird-looking monster took part in the New Year's celebrations in San Francisco

Better Times

Now that the General Election is a more or less ugly memory, the automobilism of 1910 can be seriously considered. Already the weather begins to be quite discussable, and the reports of those who go down to the roads in cars, and see the workings of the District Council mind upon road surfaces, incline one toward the belief that winter road-mending is very nearly over. This does not mean that the better-used highways are free just yet of the patches of loose road-metal so lavishly scattered by the delightful old corduroy-breeched gentlemen who spend the better part of the summer tapping gently at an apparently inexhaustible heap of granite or flint. No; there are still plenty of fearsome stretches, on approaching which one does well to drive with circumspection, but the most serious road-scratching is very nearly finished. There are folk whose ideas are so luxurious that the mere mention of motoring much before Easter makes them smile, but such deserve little consideration at our hands. Given a decent car, an efficient wind-screen, and a hood that gives no windage when furled, yet is really weather-proof when extended, the man who cannot get good times in a car all the year round is, indeed, a poor creature.

Rough on the Car

A 35-45 h.-p. Maudslay car fording a stream in the Highlands at Gruinard

The Sporting Programme

This year will see a notable diminution of the frequency and number of really considerable competitive events. The manufacturers and factors of cars, British or foreign, seem to have begun to wonder whether such a number of games justified the consumption of so many and so costly candles. Frankly, this competition business has been rather overdone, and the calls made upon the trade person's time by reliability trials, hill-climbs, and exhibitions in the past few years have left very little leisure for the mere manufacture and sale of cars—which, after all, is the main object of the business. At the moment it is even dubious whether or not there will be any Irish and Scottish Clubs' Reliability Trials this year. The number of club and open hill-climbs will probably be about the same as that of 1909, because these are functions calling for little expenditure of time in the matter of preparation and rehearsal. Any showroom's demonstration car ought to be capable of giving worthy representation of its makers in a

THE "CHALLENGE" REINFORCED TUBE (PNEUMATIC). Will not burst, heat, or nip, and will double the life of covers. Apply for section and particulars.—REINFORCED INNER TUBE COMPANY, 218, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

HOBSON-POGNON PLUGS are the reliable plugs. Their perfect consistency and regular firing invariably elicit unstinted praise from satisfied users. Magneto or ordinary, 5*s*. 6*d*. each.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

TRADE MARKS

B.S.A.

A model, the supreme design of which has secured a reputation as being the most fashionable car to-day.

THE

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20-25h.p. Car

provides the highest standard of refinement and luxury in automobile construction. Flexibility of engine, extraordinary power on hills, low petrol consumption, lightness on tyres, perfect suspension and unfailing reliability, are its main features. Copy of new catalogue sent on request.

Edinburgh Motor Show No. 23

THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS CO. LTD., 3, Sparkbrook, Birmingham. Contractors to H.M. Govt., War Office, India Office, Post Office, and Foreign Govts.

INVENTED, OWNED, AND MADE IN ENGLAND.

A working model will be sent free on application if the "Bystander" is mentioned.

Y.S.C.

A WONDERFUL ADVANCE IN RAZOR CONSTRUCTION

THE NEW

RAZOR DE LUXE.

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PERFECT ADJUSTMENT TO SUIT ANY BEARD.

In Brown Leather Case, with 10 Double-edged Blades,

21/-

THE YORKSHIRE STEEL CUTLERS CO., 30, Holborn, E.C.

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Entirely Renovated 1909.

50 BATHROOMS, CERTIFIED SANITATION, NEAREST HOTEL TO THE GOLF COURSES, POLO, and AVIATION GROUNDS.

The Famous Cannes Lawn Tennis Courts are in the Hotel Grounds.

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The FIFTEEN

(One Chassis
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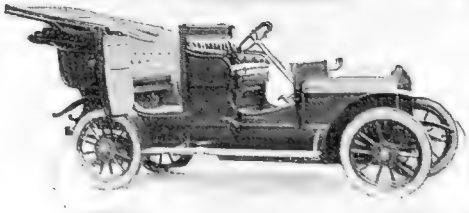
15 h.p. Four Cyls. £410 LANDAULETTE complete.



An Ideal Car for Town or Country Use.

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Pure Coffee

BEARS THE OFFICIAL SEAL AND GUARANTEE OF PURITY OF THE STATE OF SAN PAULO (BRAZIL)

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8d per ½lb Tin

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Saturday hill-climb. It is to Brooklands, then, that one must look for the bulk of one's sporting amusement this year. During 1909 the use of and attendance at the track at Weybridge were appreciably more encouraging than they had been before, and if Major Lindsay-Lloyd be given as free a hand as we are told is to be his, there will be many days worthy a white stone during the next six or seven months. What the track programme may lack in the matter of appeal to a gate-forming public will be supplied by the institution of aerial attractions, for in a few weeks from now Brooklands as a flying-ground will be an accomplished and very satisfying fact.

The Development of Touring

A noteworthy phase of motoring in the past season has been the increased indulgence in tours of quite respectable mileage. Automobilists have got tired of the trivial daily potter of a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles, and have come to see that, given the possession of a machine capable of swallowing space, to employ it merely for crawling about one's own messuage is foolish to a degree. Touring is a matter of habit. At first one feels quite a glow when one has managed to lunch at Brighton, having left home at ten, and yet get back to Town in time for a shift of kit, an outdoor dinner, and a theatre. This stage reached, progression in touring is as easy as a notorious down-grade journey.

Convertible Coachwork

Anybody visiting an exhibition of cars held during the last three months could not fail to be struck by the increased proportion of the exhibits which included coachwork capable of use either in an open or enclosed form. In the early days of motoring one bought a car that was, frankly and finally, either open or closed. Having bought a touring phaeton, and proved it rather unequal to doing dinner or theatre work, one bought a limousine. The first step beyond a limousine, which was generally rather a stuffy kind of prison-van *de luxe*, was the landaulette, whose originators professed that it was good for use either closed or open. There are landaulettes and landaulettes, but the writer has yet to see one which looks finished and smart when opened. There is always a suggestion of non-finality about it, even if the front pillars fall flat, and the collapsible hood folds up into quite small compass. Hence, probably, the cabriolet. This is certainly the only satisfactory convertible body. Closed, it is as snug, as cosy, as the limousine, though better ventilated generally than was that type. Open, if it has been built by a really decent house, it is a touring phaeton of chaste lines—a dignified, gentlemanly, self-propelled carriage, one which the owner may drive freely without being mistaken for his own chauffeur.

British Cars in Australia: At the Oval, Edithburgh

The subjoined illustration is from a photograph of a number of cars which recently took part in a motor-car picnic from Adelaide to Yorke's Peninsula, South Australia. Out of thirty-three cars shown in the photograph no fewer than thirty are Argylls

Miscellanea

The exhibit of the Continental Tyre and Rubber Co. at the Edinburgh Exhibition is usually one of the most interesting to the Show visitors, and this year's display is no exception to the rule. The Three-Ribbed All-Rubber Non-skid seems to be a popular type of tyre, especially for front wheels. The tread is reinforced by a band of specially toughened rubber, on which three broad longitudinal ribs are moulded. The Red Black Steel Studded Non-skids, Studded Leather Non-skids, etc., are also on view. Continental tyres are much appreciated by Scottish motorists on account of their durability on the rough Highland roads.

REPAIRS to MOTOR-CARS are our speciality. Every sort of OVERHAUL. Boring cylinders, etc. We are *cheap* and *quick*. Official Repairers to the Royal Automobile Club.—JERMYN STREET MOTOR WORKS, Wells St., Jermyn St. 4757 Mayfair.

The Duke of Bedford bought his first Noiseless Napier in 1903; he has used Napier cars ever since. He quite recently bought a 55 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier. Napier cars are the best and British-built throughout.

ENGLAND'S PREMIER MOTORIST,

Mr. CHAS. JARROTT,

OPINION OF THE 1910 MODEL,
LATEST CONSTRUCTION

Continental Tyres:—

3rd January, 1910.

Messrs. The Continental Tyre Co.,
102-108, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

Dear Sirs,

. . . . . The 1910 Continental Tyres are behaving splendidly, and I am exceedingly pleased with them.

Yours faithfully,
CHAS. JARROTT.

"Best Thing on Wheels"

PRICE LIST AND DESCRIPTIVE MATTER FREE ON APPLICATION.

Continental Tyre and Rubber Co. (Great Britain), Ltd.,
102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

Plants and Frost

We are apt to regard some of our spring bulbs as rather tender, but the illustration of tulips in British Columbia will show how well they thrive where the temperature in winter falls far lower than it ever does in this country. Still, that is no reason against taking precautions. It is very annoying to find in a bed of hyacinths or tulips that two or three were injured when coming through the ground, the whole effect being thus spoilt, and this is not likely to happen if the surface is covered with fibre so long as there is a chance of severe weather. Creeping plants, such as aubrietias, serve the same purpose, and also assist the colour-scheme. The beds should be examined at intervals. Bulbs are sometimes forced upwards in the course of root formation, and in such cases the soil should be firmly pressed down over them. It is also loosened by frost, and when a cavity is formed around the bulb water may settle in it and freeze. This is, perhaps, more common in the case of roses. It is the cause of the death of many a delicate tea. The bush is loosened in the ground by the wind, and when the water that drains in freezes round the root the plant is killed. Such cavities should always be filled up at once. If, as sometimes happens, any greenhouse plants are frozen, they should be shaded from sunshine and thawed very slowly. It may be advisable to syringe them with cold water. If the freezing has not been sufficiently severe to burst the cell-walls they may then recover; but if the thawing is rapid the cell-walls have not time to regain their elasticity, and may give way under the pressure brought to bear on them. In that case the mischief is irremediable.

Begonias from Seed

It is interesting work raising begonias from seed, because there is generally considerable variety among the seedlings, and there is always the chance that some of them may be exceptionally good. If it is done now the majority will bear some flowers in September, not very large or very numerous, but quite sufficient to show what may be expected. As the seed is very small, just like powder, it should be thinly sprinkled on the level surface of fine, well-drained soil and pressed in lightly, not covered with other soil, for the tiny seedlings might not be able to get through. But as germination always takes place better in the dark, a sheet of brown paper should be laid over the glass, which is used to check evaporation. If there is no propagating bed the box containing the seed may be supported on bricks over the hot-water pipes, but care must be taken that the lower layers of soil do not get dried up while the top still looks moist. As soon as the seedlings require more space they should be pricked out in boxes of fresh mould. This is a delicate task, for they are usually still very small. It is most easily accomplished by the aid of a couple of wooden matches, one (held in the left hand) with a notched end for lifting out the seedlings, the other (held in the right) with a pointed end for making the holes in which they are to be inserted. If they are taken in the fingers it is almost impossible to avoid bruising them.

H. C. Davidson.

A Field of Tulips and Holly Trees near Victoria, British Columbia

The Bystander, February 9, 1910

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 323.—Vol. XXV. Wednesday, February 9, 1910 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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GRAVEL AND SAND SOIL.
Amidst the Pines.

FREEHOLD, £2,750.

NEW FOREST (favourite part).—For SALE, this exceedingly picturesque RESIDENCE, commanding charming river and forest views, well built and arranged, approached by drive, and having the following accommodation:

LARGE ENTRANCE HALL, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS, USUAL OFFICES, | 7 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, BATH (H. and C.), 2 STAIRCASES.

Stabling for 2, coach-house, and large loose box (suitable for billiard room or studio). Well displayed grounds. Tennis lawn, orchard, kitchen garden, and small greenhouse, in all about 3 acres.

SALMON AND OTHER FISHING AND SHOOTING

can be had in the vicinity.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.
1 mile from stations on L. & N.W. and G.C. Rys.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

FURNISHED, FOR A YEAR, OR FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.—Exceptionally well-built and fitted RESIDENCE, facing South, in probably the BEST POSITION IN THE DISTRICT, with carriage drive from a private road. Lounge hall, drawing room with 2 bays, dining room, study, complete offices, 2 staircases, 7 bedrooms (another 4 can easily be added), 2 baths, etc. Company's water; main drainage. Cottage. *Nice grounds of about 2 acres with full-sized tennis lawn, kitchen garden, glasshouses, etc.* Village 1½ miles. Convenient for church and post office. *The surroundings are particularly countrified, and the Property should strongly appeal to a City man*, and is in excellent order.—Full particulars and orders to view from HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

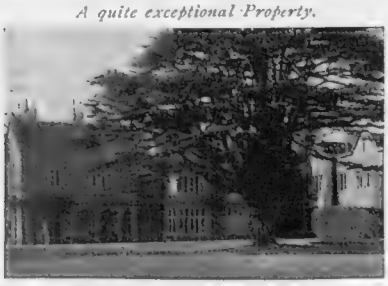
ON GLORIOUS HINDHEAD.
Very fine views. Golf.

SURREY (REALLY CHARMING LITTLE PLACE).—FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 40 acres in ring fence, the land facing South, extremely picturesque contour. Modern well-fitted House,

700FT. ABOVE SEA. GRAND VIEWS

to the South Downs. Lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard, bath, 9 bed and dressing rooms, balcony, conservatory. Stabling, small farmery. Grounds remarkable for well-grown yew hedges; grass terraces, croquet and tennis lawns. Orchard. Delightful woodlands and pasture-land. Splendid growth of ornamental timber. Low price.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

1 HOUR FROM TOWN.
A quite exceptional Property.



HERTS (rural and beautiful part of county).—Unfurnished or for SALE, extremely attractive RESIDENCE, grandly positioned on high ground and light soil. Charming views; sunny aspect. Well-timbered park of about 80 acres, intersected by 2 drives with lodge entrances. Electric light, heating by hot water. Hall (25ft. by 16ft.), drawing room (33ft. by 17ft.), panelled dining room (27ft. by 17ft.), billiard room (30ft. by 17ft.), study (18ft. by 16ft.), 20 bedrooms, bath, and offices. Ample stabling, garage with pit. Exquisite grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, fives court, kitchen garden, glass, etc. 3 cottages.—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

400FT. ABOVE SEA. SANDY SOIL.

WOBURN SANDS (in this lovely district, 1¼ hours from London).—Unrivalled position adjoining lovely pine woods. Magnificent views. For SALE, this picturesque RESIDENCE, with long avenue drive. Panelled lounge hall, 3 oak-panelled reception rooms, servants' hall, complete offices, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom. Electric light. Stabling for 4. The gardens of about 4 acres are a special feature, and include 2 tennis courts, croquet lawn, choice rose garden, kitchen gardens and paddock. Several cottages on the Property could be purchased.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

500ft. to 600ft. above sea level.
The most interesting and unspoilt country under an hour from Town.
INVIGORATING AIR. BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.
Unequalled train services on G.C. and G.W. Rys.
GOLF. HUNTING. SHOOTING.

BUCKS. CHILTERN HILLS.

HAMPTON and SONS have the following PROPERTIES for DISPOSAL in this district, which they can recommend from personal knowledge.

OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE. — Electric light and all modern requirements. Tiled loggia entrance, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms; winter garden, and magnificent billiard room. Complete offices with servants' hall, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, etc. Company's water. Telephone. Superior stabling for 4; garage and rooms over. Outbuildings by Boulton and Paul. 2 cottages. 6 acres of grounds, with tennis lawn. Farmery adjoining with 30 acres. Model dairy. Rent, unfurnished, on application.

GEORGIAN RESIDENCE and grounds of 8 acres. All modern requirements. Electric light. Hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 2 staircases, 13 bed and dressing rooms. Complete offices. Radiators. Company's water; telephone. Tennis lawn. Stabling and garage. Price, Freehold, on application.

OLD CREEPER-CLAD RESIDENCE. £6,500, Freehold.—2 good halls and lounge, 4 large reception rooms, billiard room, complete offices with servants' hall, housekeeper's room, etc. 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. Electric light. Company's water. Stabling for 3. Old grounds of 3¼ acres with tennis lawn.

£250 PER ANNUM.

OLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE.—Fine views. Charming entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, schoolroom, complete offices with servants' hall, 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Beautifully timbered grounds and meadow-land of about 13 acres. Stabling for 4, with rooms over. 2 cottages.

MODERN RESIDENCE (in superb position on hills) with about 2½ acres including a piece of natural woodland. Hall, 3 reception rooms, and complete offices, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 staircases. Company's water. Radiators, motor-house, and entrance lodge. Price, Freehold, £3,500.

ONLY £2,500, WITH ABOUT 13 ACRES.
QUAINT OLD FARMHOUSE ON THE HILLS with about 13 or 36 acres. Sunny aspect and lovely woodland surroundings. Part of the building is very old, and it lends itself to artistic reconstruction. 5 rooms up and 2 down. Large stables and other outbuildings. Garden, old orchard and meadows.

EARLY ENGLISH STYLE RESIDENCE with grounds and meadow-land of about 12 acres. Tennis and croquet lawns, orchard, woodland, etc. Sitting hall, 3 reception rooms, and complete offices with servants' hall, large verandah, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc. Radiators; good water supply. Stabling for 2, man's room and garage. Useful outbuildings. Price £6,000.

BUILDING SITES ON THE CHILTERN HILLS. —Sole Agents for several very beautiful sites.

HAMPTON and SONS will be pleased to forward orders to view and all further particulars on application. Auction and Estate Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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THE FINEST HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

THE QUORN, BELVOIR, COTTESMORE, AND MR. FERNIE'S.

TO BE LET for a term of years, one of the best HOUSES in the Midlands, equipped with every modern convenience, with

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT,

and containing some 25 bedrooms, 4 principal bathrooms, and a fine suite of reception rooms.

STABLING FOR 30 HORSES,

with ample accommodation for men; there are delightful grounds, kitchen gardens, and ample paddocks, etc.—Photos with KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

SHOOTING OVER 3,000 ACRES (OR MORE).

NORFOLK (7 miles from the county town).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above comfortable MANSION, occupying a fine position in the midst of a beautiful park. Accommodation: billiard and 6 reception rooms, 28 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 7, coach-house, and rooms for men; beautiful gardens and grounds, studded with fine old trees, full-sized croquet lawn, charming water garden, and walled kitchen gardens, cottages.

A LAKE OF 7 ACRES

affords facilities for extensive duck rearing and fishing.

SHOOTING OVER 3,000 ACRES,

conveniently placed around the house.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W., who have inspected. (F 1,586)

QUIET COUNTRY RETREAT on the Chiltern Hills, 1 mile of station, and 45 minutes of Town. —£1,500 will PURCHASE a modern RESIDENCE, standing in 6 acres of grounds. Accommodation: large hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 3, and useful outbuildings.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

AN IMPORTANT NORTH COUNTRY SEAT.

SHOOTING OVER 4,800 ACRES.

2½ MILES CAPITAL TROUT FISHING.

TO BE LET, Furnished, for a term of years, this substantial stone-built MANSION, standing high on gravel soil, in a well-timbered park and extensive plantations. The accommodation comprises: inner hall, central hall with gallery, a noble suite of reception room (20ft. high) containing some very beautiful carved work and painted ceilings by Italian masters. There are about 20 principal bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, servants' rooms, etc.

THE MANSION IS HEATED THROUGHOUT AND LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

The shooting is over 4,800 acres, of which 800 acres are covert. The River Derwent flows through the Estate for 2½ miles, providing good trout fishing; hunting with the Tynedale, Haydon Bridge, and Braes of Derwent Hounds.—For terms of letting, etc., apply, Mr. THOMAS ATKINSON, 97, Brighton Grove, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Messrs. LOFTS and WARNER, 130, Mount Street, London; Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London; or Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

20 ACRES. 3 RECEPTION ROOMS. 16 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS. 2 BATHROOMS. STABLING FOR 6. GARAGE. SHOOTING OVER 2,000 ACRES, BY ARRANGEMENT.

HERTS (in the midst of well-wooded, undulating country, 360ft. above the sea with South aspect). — To be SOLD, a substantially built RESIDENCE, planned on 2 floors, and containing the above accommodation; matured grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, woodland walks, 2 walled kitchen gardens, and rich meadow-land. — Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,488)

AMIDST THE PINE WOODS OF WOBURN SANDS.

400FT. HIGH, ON DRY SANDY SOIL.

TO BE SOLD, this attractive creeper-clad RESIDENCE, the acme of modern comfort, lighted by

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT,

and containing: 9 bedrooms and bathroom, 3 large reception rooms,

LOUNGE HALL (30FT. by 17FT.). PANELLED IN OAK,

servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 4 horses, 6-roomed cottage; thoroughly matured grounds, 2 tennis courts, croquet lawn, rose gardens, etc., in all 4 acres. — Photos with KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,550)

40 MINUTES SOUTH OF LONDON. EXCELLENT TRAIN SERVICE TO THE CITY AND WEST END.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, Unfurnished, this comfortable and attractive RESIDENCE, exceptionally well fitted and quite up to date in every way. It stands in finely timbered grounds of 2 acres, with tennis lawn for 2 courts, orchard, kitchen garden, 2 greenhouses, etc. The accommodation comprises:

LOUNGE HALL (27FT. BY 16FT.)

with well fireplace, drawing room opening to grounds, billiard room, dining room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices; the drainage was entirely relaid a few years ago; Company's water.—Photos with KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,420)

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MAGNIFICENT SITUATION, WITH VIEWS OF GREAT EXTENT.

TO BE SOLD, an attractive HOUSE, replete with all modern conveniences, including electric light, stands in thoroughly established and well-timbered grounds and parklike lands,

IN ALL ABOUT 20 ACRES.

The accommodation includes: lounge hall and fine suite of reception rooms, about 15 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling, outbuildings, and cottages. —Full particulars and photos of the Sole Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W., who have inspected. (4,306)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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HANTS AND SURREY BORDERS (300 ft. above sea level; a mile from a main line station on the L. and S.W. Railway).—For SALE, or to be LET Furnished or Unfurnished, this exceptionally charming COUNTRY HOUSE, on sand and gravel soil, with pretty grounds and large kitchen garden, in all 2½ acres: 9 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), lounge hall with fireplace, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall; Company's water; main drainage; incandescent gas; close to excellent golf links.—WALTON and LEE, as above. (23,990)

OLD QUEEN ANNE MANOR HOUSE.

GLOUCESTER AND WORCESTER BORDERS.—For SALE at £1,250: 4 sitting rooms, 12 bedrooms; walled garden and orchard, IN ALL 3 ACRES; stabling for 3.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,993)

MIDWAY BETWEEN BRIGHTON AND LONDON. PRICE £4,500.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GABLED RESIDENCE, on the slope of a hill, with well-timbered grounds and 25 ACRES of parkland adjoining; 1½ miles from station; carriage drive approach through pine trees; lodge entrance; stabling for 3, coachman's rooms; tennis lawn, kitchen garden, glasshouses, and farmery: 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, housekeeper's room, and offices. Good hunting.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (17,492)

SUSSEX AND KENT BORDERS.

THE ABOVE CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE, near splendid golf links, to be SOLD at a moderate price, or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished; 2 miles from station, and commanding magnificent views; replete with modern comforts and conveniences: 9 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 large reception rooms, lounge hall, ample offices with servants' hall; tennis lawn, flower and kitchen gardens; approached by private road, and immune from motor dust nuisance.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,003)

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NEW FOREST (high ground, gravel soil; fine views).—This charming FREEHOLD RESIDENCE for SALE. Price, £2,750. It commands fine views, is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath; stabling for 2, coach-house, billiard room, or studio; paddock, tennis ground, orchard, kitchen garden, in all about 3 acres; fishing close by.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (23,857)

GUILDFORD DISTRICT.

THIS CHARMING BIJOU HOUSE FOR SALE.—Gravel soil; about 250ft. high; capital repair; sunny aspect. 4 or 5 acres; fishing in grounds; old-world gardens with old trees; near golf.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (24,054)

HERTS (near HITCHIN).—£2,500 only for a capital COUNTRY HOUSE and 11 acres, with stabling for 7, 2 cottages, farmery, inexpensive well-timbered grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen garden, orchard, and grassland: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, conservatory; 2 miles from station; hunting, golf. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,589)

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AN UNDOUBTED BARGAIN.

THE GREATLY REDUCED PRICE of £8,000 will be accepted for an exceptionally choice COUNTRY HOUSE, standing in grandly timbered park of 34 ACRES, in a favourite residential district, on gravel soil, and within EASY REACH OF WINDSOR AND ASCOT: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 4 spacious reception rooms, outer and inner halls, ample offices; excellent stabling; attractive but inexpensive pleasure grounds, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, etc.; 40 minutes from London.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,037)

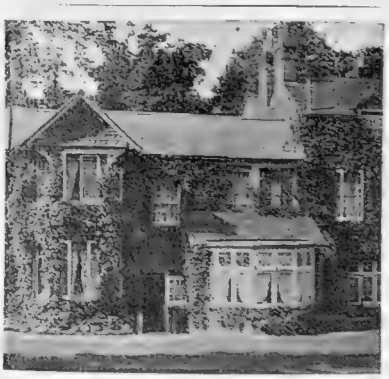
£4,500 ONLY WILL PURCHASE a valuable FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of over 150 ACRES, in a favourite home county. It comprises the above very desirable modern Residence, approached by a long carriage drive, and occupying a well-chosen site on rising ground, facing South; capital stabling, coachman's cottage, complete farm-buildings, and 6-roomed house. The Property lies in a ring fence, and is finely timbered; shooting and hunting in the vicinity.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (23,468)

HERTFORDSHIRE.

FOR SALE, this choice FAMILY RESIDENCE, situated in a SMALL PARK, in a perfectly rural and bracing district. It commands grand views and contains: halls, 4 reception rooms, 15 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices; well-timbered pleasure grounds, croquet and tennis courts; stabling for 6 horses. Shooting can be rented. For SALE, or would be LET, Unfurnished.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,976)

30 MILES SOUTH OF LONDON.

FOR SALE, a Freehold RESIDENCE, standing high, and commanding good views. It contains: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, and bathroom, usual offices: tastefully laid-out gardens; tennis lawn, kitchen garden, in all 2 acres; Company's water; main drainage; 2-stall stabling; golf 2 miles. Price £1,950.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,969)



SURREY. 45 MINUTES FROM TOWN

£2,000 WILL PURCHASE THIS ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE. Electric light; telephone; 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, and bathroom. Small but pretty garden, about 1 acre in all.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,143)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD } IO, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

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Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines).

ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

HERTS (Rickmansworth, 1 mile from G.C. Ry. Station).—The above exceptionally choice little PROPERTY known as "Rivermead," standing in exceedingly pretty grounds of about 1 ACRE, with tennis and croquet lawns, shady willow and rose walk; sun-dial, etc.; hall, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, 8 bedrooms, etc.; gas and Co.'s water laid on.

HARRODS (LTD.) will SELL the above Property by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, on March 9 next (unless previously disposed of by Private Treaty).

RENT ONLY £95, WITH 8½ ACRES.

CHICHESTER AND GOODWOOD DISTRICT (the Residence of a Naval Captain taking up appointment at Admiralty).—To be LET, Unfurnished, an exceedingly attractive HOUSE, standing in pretty grounds of 1½ acres, with tennis lawn and pasture-land of 7 acres, let off at £25 per annum: lounge hall, 3 reception, 11 bed and dressing, bathroom, servants' hall; stabling, motor-house; cottage.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

DATCHET (Bucks), close to river and station.—Excellent RESIDENCE, with good garden of about ½ acre, tennis lawn, etc.; stabling for 2, garage; 3 reception, billiard room (26ft. 3in. by 18ft. 3in.), 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, lift; gas; Company's water; good domestic offices; South-west aspect. Rent, £125.—Inspected by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RIVER SEASON, 1910.

MESSRS. HARRODS (LTD.) have now a Representative residing in the centre of the THAMES VALLEY DISTRICT, and will supply particulars of all available Houses on receipt of requirements; or PERSONALLY CONDUCT applicants over suitable Properties.

ALMOST ADJOINING 18-HOLE LINKS.

CHILTERN HILLS (about 50 minutes from Town; easy reach of the River).—Well-furnished COTTAGE RESIDENCE, in own secluded gardens: 5 bed, bath, 2 sitting rooms; small stable.—Personally inspected by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WINDSOR (in good position).—To be LET, well-arranged HOUSE, containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, servants' hall, etc.; pretty garden; gas. Rent, £75.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BANKS OF THE THAMES (WITH A LONG RIVER FRONTAGE).—To be SOLD, the above beautifully placed RESIDENCE, ON ONE OF THE PRETTIEST REACHES OF THE THAMES, standing in its own perfectly private and well-kept grounds; spacious lawn for croquet or 2 tennis courts; flower borders and beds, with many choice varieties of roses and flowering shrubs; rustic pergola, thatched summer-house, fruit and kitchen gardens, etc.; reception hall, 2 good reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and very well-arranged domestic offices. BUNGALOW COTTAGE, MOTOR-HOUSE, BOAT-HOUSE. Telephone; Company's water, gas.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SURREY (Camberley).—To be LET, Unfurnished, an attractive RESIDENCE, in 3 acres of pretty grounds, tennis lawn, flower garden, well-stocked kitchen garden, etc. The House stands well away from the road, is approached by carriage drive, and contains: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 good bedrooms, and 2 good dressing rooms, bathroom, and domestic offices; Company's water is laid on, modern drainage: excellent cottage for coachman; stabling and new motor-house; pretty conservatory. Rent, £200 per annum.—Further particulars of Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (9,266)

1 MILE FROM LINKS.

ASCOT AND SUNNINGDALE (between).—To be LET, an important FAMILY RESIDENCE, surrounded by beautifully matured gardens and grounds. It contains: BALL AND BILLIARD ROOMS, 7 reception, 25 bed, 3 bathrooms, complete offices; electric light; capital stabling. Rent, Furnished, and all details of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), who have personally inspected.

LAND'S END ONLY 10 MINUTES.

CORNWALL.—To LET Furnished, or SOLD with Furniture, well-built RESIDENCE, high on cliff: 11 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms. Fine sea fishing and bathing, 2 minutes' walk.—Lowest terms of the Agents. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WILTS. FREEHOLD MANORIAL ESTATE. £11 AN ACRE.

THE ABOVE MANOR HOUSE, with 877 acres, to be SOLD for £9,500. The Residence contains: good drawing and dining rooms, 10 bedrooms and fitted bathroom, and is in good order; pretty gardens and grounds, and tennis lawn; the land is in a good state of cultivation, and comprises meadow, arable, and down lands, and there are ample farm-buildings and 7 cottages.—Box K 4,569, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

RENT ONLY £75.—CAMBRIDGESHIRE (1½ miles from nearest station).—To be LET, Unfurnished, or would be SOLD, a well-built HOUSE, containing: 3 reception and about 9 bed and dressing rooms, with useful farmyard, including several loose boxes, poultry runs used for show birds, and 35 acres of land.—Box K 4,502, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

PARK CRESCENT (a most open and healthy position).—£2,500 will BUY the LEASE of a charming HOUSE in this favourite spot; open views over gardens and Regent's Park; modernised and beautifully decorated: 10 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 handsome reception rooms. Low Ground Rent. — Box K 10,749, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.—A fine DOUBLE-FRONTED HOUSE for SALE; central hall and staircase, and other attractive features; particularly light throughout: 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms. £4,000 would be accepted for the Lease.—Box K 10,412, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF WINDSOR FOREST.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, OR SOLD, a QUEEN ANNE MANSION, in a well-timbered park, enjoying views of exceptional beauty. The House is on sand soil, and contains: fine hall (37ft. by 23ft.), 4 reception rooms, 23 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 10 horses; extensive pleasure grounds and fine old parkland, in all 117 ACRES.—Box KF 1,301, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

BERKELEY SQUARE.—A fine old-fashioned HOUSE in this Square has just been entirely remodelled and redecorated at a total cost of £20,000. Owing to special reasons the Property must now be Sold and much less than the cost will be accepted: 8 bedrooms, etc., charming hall, and staircase. Quite a special place.—Box K 8,857, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

CAN NOW BE HAD FOR SEASON 1910.

PARK STREET.—To be LET, Furnished. Remarkably well furnished: 12 bedrooms, 4 reception rooms.—Box K 8,831, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED COTTAGE IN EXCELLENT ORDER. 3 MILES FROM GOLF COURSE.

SUSSEX.—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, a comfortable, artistic COTTAGE, built over 100 years ago, and carefully enlarged. Accommodation: 4 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), housekeeper's room, etc.; excellent modern stabling for 4, motor-house, and 3 men's room; cottages; pretty old-fashioned garden, with tennis court and field, in all about 2 acres.—Box K 4,462, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

PLEASURE AND SPORTING FARM.

BETWEEN LONDON AND KENT COAST.

£4,500.—COMPACT LITTLE PROPERTY OF ABOUT 150 ACRES of FREEHOLD pasture and woodlands. Modern House stands high. South aspect. Carriage drive and entrance lodge. 3 reception, 7 bed, fitted bath. Stabling, cottage. Grounds, orchard. Farm-buildings. Good shooting. Hunting with stag, harriers, and foxhounds. Close to village. Possession on completion.—Box HS 81, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C

PARQUETINE Regd. Trade Mark.

Removable Floor Covering. Tenant's Property.

Half a million square feet sold.

Why Not Try It? From **6d.** per sq. foot.

EXPERIENCED MEN SENT OUT.

Send plan for price laid complete.

Write, Call, or Telephone for particulars.

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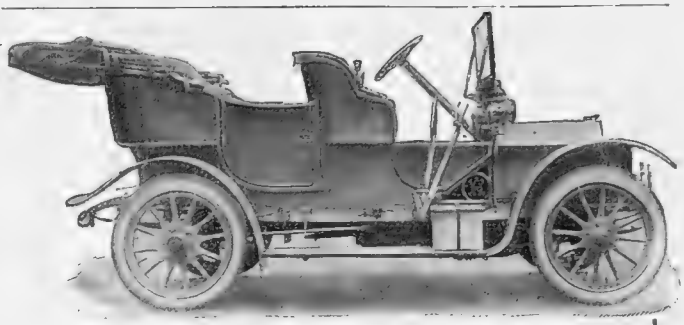
Westminster Pat. Flooring Co.

10, Heckfield Place, Walham Green, S.W.

Estimates given for Cleaning and Polishing Floors.

A. W. 12-14



THE KEY TO VALUE—SPECIFICATION.

Four cylinders, 80 by 120 cast en bloc. Forced lubrication. Dual ignition. Interchangeable valves of large diameter. Thermo-syphon cooling. Four speeds and reverse. Multiple disc clutch. Powerful double-acting external and internal brakes. Remarkably accessible back axle. Springs of specially selected spring steel. These, plus our unique engineering experience, indicate the value at your command in the british-built 12-14

1910 TYPES:

12-14 h.p. 4-cyl.
18-22 h.p. 4-cyl.
25 h.p. 4-cyl.

Armstrong Whitworth

SIR W. G. ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH & Co., Ltd.,
ELSWICK WORKS,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

SALES DEPT.:
3, BLENHEIM STREET,
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The Safest Car

The Lanchester is the safest of all cars — its efficient control, wide wheel track and low hung body combine to establish this fact.

It is also the most luxurious motor made, beautifully fitted and upholstered, totally free from vibration, speedy and silent.

It is a car for both town and country. The low step, wide door, and roomy tonneau are distinctive features specially appreciated by ladies. The Lanchester Foot Warmer, too, cannot fail to appeal to those who use their cars through the winter.

Write for Booklets and Catalogues to—
LANCHESTER MOTOR CO. LTD.
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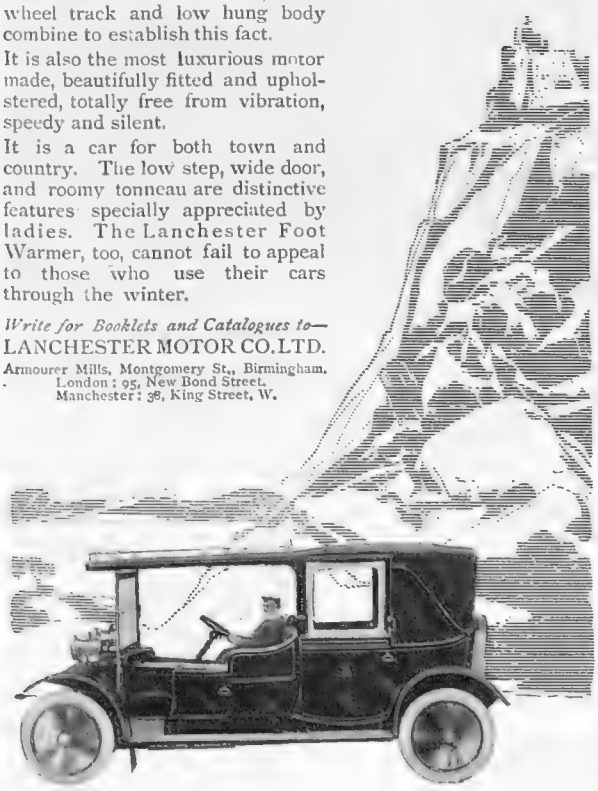

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MELBOURNE TO SYDNEY
RECORD BROKEN BY
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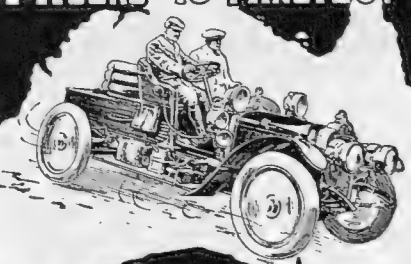

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35 H.P.
INVINCIBLE
TALBOT
573 MILES OF UNMADE AND WATERWORN ROADS
IN TWENTY ONE HOURS NINETEEN MINUTES

CLEMENT TALBOT LTD., Barlby Road, North Kensington, LONDON, W.
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TELEPHONES: 5006 PADDINGTON (four lines).

Are you
Satisfied Now
with your
M.P's ?
If not, try the
Meltonian Polishes
for all kinds of
BOOTS & SHOES.

They are the M.P's that get the votes of all parties.

Meltonian Paste.
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OZONAIR

THE PERFECT SYSTEM OF VENTILATION.

HAVE *you* TRIED

PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE ?

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By Royal *Appointment*

"DUVET" CHAIRS.

PAINTING
AND
DECORATIONS.

HOWARD & SONS, Ltd.,
Manufacturers,
25-27, BERNERS STREET, W.

MARK THE INCREASE IN LIGHT
THE DECREASE IN COST

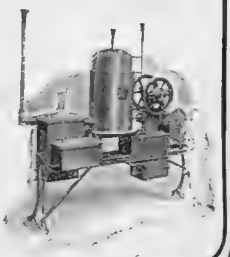
which results by installing

SIMPITROL
LIGHTING SYSTEMS

The Light that is nearest daylight and almost as cheap

Unquestionably the most brilliant and economical form of artificial illumination the world has seen. No matter however remote your residence may be, the "Simpitrol" systems can be fitted with ease, rendering the owner independent of gas-mains and generating stations. No skilled attendance is necessary, a child of average intelligence being able to understand their working in the short space of thirty minutes. An examination of the following will best reveal to you "Simpitrol" economy.

ELECTRICITY:	ACETYLENE:	COAL GAS:	PARAFFIN:	'SIMPITROL':
The average cost of a 60 candle-power light is 1/6 for 15 hours.	Seven times (approx.) more expensive than 'Simpitrol.'	Costs approximately 3/6 per 1,000 cubic feet, or 3 times more expensive than 'Simpitrol.'	Giving a light of less than 8 candle-power equals electricity in proportion in cost.	Gives you a 60 Candle-Power Light for 15 hours at a Cost of One Penny.



All Inquiries should be addressed to Dept. K.

THE BRITISH & COLONIAL LIGHTING Co., Ltd.

25, MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.

C. D. C.

The Greatest of all Glove and Hosiery Sales.

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S SALE IS NOW PROCEEDING. SALE

The undermentioned Lots are from their detailed and illustrated Sale Price List, a copy of which will be sent post free on application.

SALE OF GLOVES

Ladies' 3-Button Fine White Glacé Gloves, reduced to **1/-** per pair

Ladies' French Castor Doeskin Gloves, in White and Chamois colour, 2 large Buttons, reduced to **1/-** per pair.

Ladies' Fine White Glacé Gloves, with Broad Black or self Braid Points, 2 large Pearl Buttons, reduced to **1/3** per pair.

SALE OF GLOVES

Ladies' Fine Chevrette Gloves, pique sewn, Paris Points, an excellent wearing make, in useful shades of Tan, Brown, Beaver and Grey, 2 Press Buttons, reduced to **1/9** per pair.

Ladies' 3-Button Real Kid Gloves, in Black, White, Tans, Browns, Pastels, Beavers, Greys and Mole shades, reduced to **1/10** per pair

Ladies' Nappa Leather Gloves, round-seam sewn, in useful Tan shades, with Broad self or Black Braid Points, 2 Press Buttons, reduced to **1/10** per pair.

SALE OF GLOVES

Ladies' 4-Button Real French Kid Gloves, very superior quality, made from selected skins. Superior cut, finish and sewing, in Black, White, Tan, Beaver, Pastel, Mole, Lavender, Grey, Brown, Navy and Green, with self Braid Points; White, Lavender and Grey Shades with Black Points; and Black with White Points, reduced to **2/6** per pair.

SALE OF GLOVES

Ladies' Mocha Finished Doeskin Gloves, pique sewn, in Tans, Beavers, Grey or Mole Shades, 3 Buttons, reduced to **2/3** per pair.

Ladies' Real Mocha Gloves, very superior quality, soft Velvet Finish, in Dark Tan, Beaver, and Grey, pique sewn. 2 large Buttons to match colour of Glove, reduced to **2/9** per pair.

SALE OF HOSIERY

Ladies' superior quality Plain Black Cashmere Hose, with Strengthened Tops for wearing with Suspenders, reduced to **1/4** per pair; 3 pairs for **3/11.**

Ladies' Plain Black Real Balbriggan Cashmere Hose, all sizes, reduced to **1/6** per pair; 3 pairs for **4/3.**

Ladies' Plain Black Cashmere Hose, with embroidered Fancy Coloured Silk Clox, medium size, only **1/6** per pair; 3 pairs for **4/3.**

SALE OF HOSIERY

No. H 437.—A Special Lot of Ladies' Black Spun Silk Hose, Plain or with Lace Openwork ankles. Sizes 8½, 9, 9½in. (10in., 3d. extra), **1/10** per pair.

No. H 439.—Ladies' Spun Silk Hose, in Black or Tan Shades, with Lace Openwork Ankles and Cashmere feet, **1/11** per pair; 3 pairs for **5/8.**

No. H 445.—Ladies' Black Pure Silk Hose, with Self Embroidered Silk Clox, **4/9** per pair; 3 pairs for **14/3.**

SALE OF HOSIERY

No. H 444.—Ladies' Pure Silk Hose, with stylish Lace Openwork Ankles, Black only. Sizes 9 and 9½ in., **5/6** per pair; 3 pairs for **16/-**

No. H 3.—Ladies' White Unshrinkable all Wool Combinations, medium weight, Scotch manufacture, full fashioned and spliced. Low or High Neck, Short Sleeves, Slender or Medium Sizes, **5/8** each; O.S., **6/3** each.

SALE OF HOSIERY

No. H 13.—Ribbed White Silk and Wool Combinations, Special Value. Low Neck, Short Sleeves, **3/11** each; Outsize, **4/2** each; High Neck, Short Sleeves, **4/8** each; Outsize, **4/11** each; High Neck, Long Sleeves, **5/2**; Outsize, **5/5** each.

Orders by post receive special attention. All Goods sent Post or Carriage Free.

Postal and Post Office Orders to be made payable to THE L. G. CO., at the GENERAL POST OFFICE.

NOTE OUR ONLY ADDRESSES—

45 & 45a, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C., AND 82 & 83, NEW BOND STREET, W.

By MRS. JACK MAY

Since writing last week there have been observable a few slight but encouraging breaks in the modistic gloom. Although the bulk of the sales are drawing to an end, there are just a few intrepid ones who are facing the music of the inevitable clearance during February. And foremost among these come

The London Glove Company, 45, Cheapside and 82, New Bond Street

The woman who administers a dress allowance wisely is invariably to be found at the sales conducted by the above-named Company. There chances at the moment to be a rather larger stock than usual to be disposed of, wherefore are the reductions particularly drastic.

For a three-button, fine glacé kid, in white only, ranging in sizes from 5½ to 7½, the price is 1*s.*, an exceptionally useful Nappa quality, in a good tan shade, with heavy black or self points, being offered at 1*s.* 10*d.* A veritable bargain, again, is a three-button washable fine French kid, white only, reduced to 2*s.* 1*d.*, as is a long white mousquetaire French suéde at 3*s.* 11*d.* Another eminently useful offering is a *pique*-sewn suéde, in tans, browns, beaver, greys, and moles, three-button length, at 1*s.* 9*d.* per pair, a natural chamois leather Saxe, a thoroughly reliable British-made quality, going at 1*s.* 10*d.*

Included with the surplus hosiery is a manufacturer's stock, comprising 10,000 pairs of stockings, that the Company are selling at remarkable prices, commencing at 8*d.* per pair.

As is well known, a particularly large trade is done by the London Glove Company in knitted jerseys and sweaters, and in order that a wholly fresh start may be made for the on-coming season, the reductions in connection with this surplus stock are very emphatic. There are a lot of golf jerseys clearing at the two tempting prices of 3*s.* 11*d.* and 5*s.* 11*d.*, the latter sum including the favourite rinking model, with close-knitted waist-piece and a capital choice of colours.

A catalogue, specially compiled for this sale, has been issued by the Company, who are pleased to send it post free to any applicants.

A Leather Coat for Motoring

Dealt with on this page by Mrs. Jack May, and sketched at Alfred Dunhill's, 2, Conduit Street, W., by Dorothy Millar

Alfred Dunhill, 2, Conduit Street, W.

A fascinating affair is the leather coat that forms the subject of our first sketch, a practical motoring wrap effected in a deep shade of purple, that is most becoming. The clever build, which is so essentially Dunhill, is clearly denoted in the picture, the skins being worked to form a deep, fancifully mounted yoke at the top and a *volant* at the hem, the skirt portion having a deep inverted pleat in centre back, controlled by a buttoned strap. The front is double-breasted, and the whole is cosily lined through with camel's fleece.

With this is worn one of Dunhill's most successful bonnets, also of leather, the thrown-back front faced with ruffled silk, and the curtain cut in one with a sort of falling front collar, which is carried across and buttoned on the right-hand side. It would be impossible for the most searching form of rain to penetrate the recesses of this piece of headgear, which, together with the coat, is singularly becoming.

The Greatest Aid to Beauty

yet discovered is Pomeroy Skin Food—a delightful preparation which will give any woman who uses it an immediately visible gain in Beauty. Try one jar, and note the improvement in your looks which will result.

Pomeroy
SKIN FOOD

Obtainable from Chemists, Stores, etc., at 1/6, or direct, post free, from

Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd. (Dept. 14), **29, Old Bond St., London, W.**

Trial POMEROY SHAMPOO POWDER sent post free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope and name and address of your Chemist.

IRISH LINEN

WORLD-RENOWNED for QUALITY and VALUE.

Irish Damask and Household Linens.

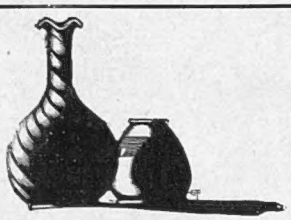
We would specially draw your attention to our large stock of IRISH LINEN GOODS, the production of our own looms, at lowest Belfast prices. On receipt of a postcard our illustrated list and samples will be forwarded free.

Some Useful Lines.

Dinner Napkins, ¾ by ¾ yd., **5/11** doz.; Table Cloths, 2 by 2 yds., **2/11** each; Hemstitched Linen Sheets, **15/11** per pair; Linen Pillow Cases, frilled, **1/4½** each; Linen Huckaback Towels, **4/11** doz.; Glass Cloths, **4/4** doz.; Kitchen Cloths, **5/6** doz.

Price Lists and Samples Post Free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.,
44, T. Donegall Place, BELFAST.



GENUINE SALE
Of Surplus Stock To-day to Feb. 19

. . During this Sale we are offering the whole of our surplus stock—comprising Hundreds of Services, Ornamental Pieces in great variety, Rose Bowls, Flower Stands, Vases, etc., etc.

China & Glass

BOTH USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL
At Reductions ranging to 10/- in the £.

. . This Annual Sale is absolutely genuine, the goods offered having formed part of our Regular Stock. Even the least expensive article will be found of that Reliable Quality for which our house has been well known for 150 years. An early visit to our Three Spacious Showrooms is advised to those wishing to replenish their stocks at Exceptional Prices. If unable to call—write for Illustrated Sale Circular.

ALFRED B. PEARCE & Co.

ONLY ADDRESS 39, LUDGATE HILL LONDON, E.C. ESTABLISHED 1760

On receipt of Two Penny Stamps we will forward, Post Paid,

TWO DAINTY BIJOU SAMPLE TABLETS

of "Erasmic" Soap.

THE ERASMIC CO., LTD., WARRINGTON.

Messrs. Dunhill are already well supplied with the first phase of the spring season, and are showing some charming designs in smart frieze coats, with shapely panel backs. With the heavy strain on their resources when the full swing of the season starts, it is always wise for those who are in a position to do so to place their orders early. Included in the picture is a leather muff, the "Amherst," the skins used for this being of a peculiarly pliable quality, which does not, like fur, become sodden under the influence of rain. A flap pocket is introduced at the back, a satin lining providing a finishing touch of pleasant femininity.

Miss Evelyn D'Alroy
In the costume she wears as the Lady Benedetta Mountmichael, in Act. II. of *The O'Flynn* at His Majesty's Theatre
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

The Seductions of Seventeenth-Century Fashions

However opinions may differ as to the histrionic merits of *The O'Flynn*, the new play at His Majesty's, all women will agree in thanking Mr. Justin McCarthy for bringing to the front the fashions of the latter end of the seventeenth century.

The very high coronal cap of lace worn by the *grandes dames* during the reign of James II. give one to think as to the possibilities of reviving such a delightful vogue. The first gown of real importance is worn by pretty Miss Evelyn d'Alroy in Act II. And it is this Mrs. Dorothy Millar has selected for her sketch, picturing the Lady Benedetta descending the wide oak wainscotted staircase, which made so effective a background to the dress worn, of old cream brocade, patterned over with a large conventional design in pastel tints, and sacque of rose satin trimmed with Irish lace, and caught back in soft *pannier* draperies to the back, whence fell a short, narrow train. The close-fitting, long-waisted corsage opened on a stomacher of lace and ribbon, while the sleeves started with high-slashed epaulettes of rose and white, and resolved into *bouffant* draperies of muslin and lace. Nor was the least enchanting item of this toilette the dear little cap of lace, for all the world like the *boudoir negligée* adopted by our *élégantes* of to-day, bunched at either side with rose-coloured ribbons.

An adorable little gown, too, is that worn by Miss Auriol Lee in Act I., the petticoat of delicately toned brocade, with cream as the predominant note, and bunched sacque of dark china-blue, lined with a paler shade. Miss Lee makes her appearance in the duckiest little shot-grey silk cape and hood, edged everywhere with pink.

In Act IV. the most impressive idea is gathered of the vogues of the period, and since it is one that we may be called upon to adopt in the near future—the sooner the better, say I—every woman should go and see *The O'Flynn* at His Majesty's.

The Menu: A DINNER FOR EIGHT

Boiled Salmon

The fish must be carefully scaled and cleaned. Put it in the fish-kettle with enough boiling salted water to cover it, add some lemon-juice or vinegar, bring it quickly to the boil, take off the scum, and let it simmer gently till the fish is done. It is important that salmon be well cooked. Garnish with lemon and parsley, and serve with Sauce Tartare.

Sauce Tartare.—Beat up the yolks of two eggs, add a pinch of salt, pepper, and a tablespoonful of French vinegar. When well mixed, stir in a teaspoonful of made mustard, and also add a teaspoonful of parsley and a few capers; chop these very small, and put into the sauce.

Vol au Vent of Sweetbread

Take some good puff paste, roll it out one inch in thickness, stamp it with a fluted cutter, mark it with another of a smaller size, leaving about one and a half inches at the edge. Brush it over with egg, and bake in a quick oven. When done, remove the piece marked out for the top with a sharp knife, and scoop out all the soft part. Drain and dry.

For the Inside.—Prepare and blanch two heart sweetbreads, quarter them, and put them aside. Now put 2oz. of butter in a stewpan; when melted, add 2oz. of flour, add by degrees half a pint of good white stock. Add white pepper and salt, two small onions, and a piece of lemon-peel. When it boils, put in the pieces of sweetbread. Cover with a buttered paper, put the lid on, and simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour. Shake the stewpan occasionally. When done, remove the onion and lemon-peel.

Stone Cream

Cover the bottom of a glass dish with some preserved apricots, mix with some of the syrup one tablespoonful of brandy, and pour over the apricots. Dissolve ½oz. of gelatine in a little water, strain it, and then add one pint of cream; add one tablespoonful of sugar, put it in a stewpan, and stir over the fire. Let it boil one minute, pour it into a jug, add two tablespoonfuls of brandy. When nearly cold, pour it over the apricots. Let it stand till next day. This may be made with equal parts of cream and milk.

Shrimps on Toast

Put sufficient picked shrimps into a saucepan with a teaspoonful of white pepper, the juice of an orange, ½oz. of butter, and a little nutmeg. Make this mixture very hot, pile upon small squares of buttered toast, and serve garnished with fried parsley.

Emilia.

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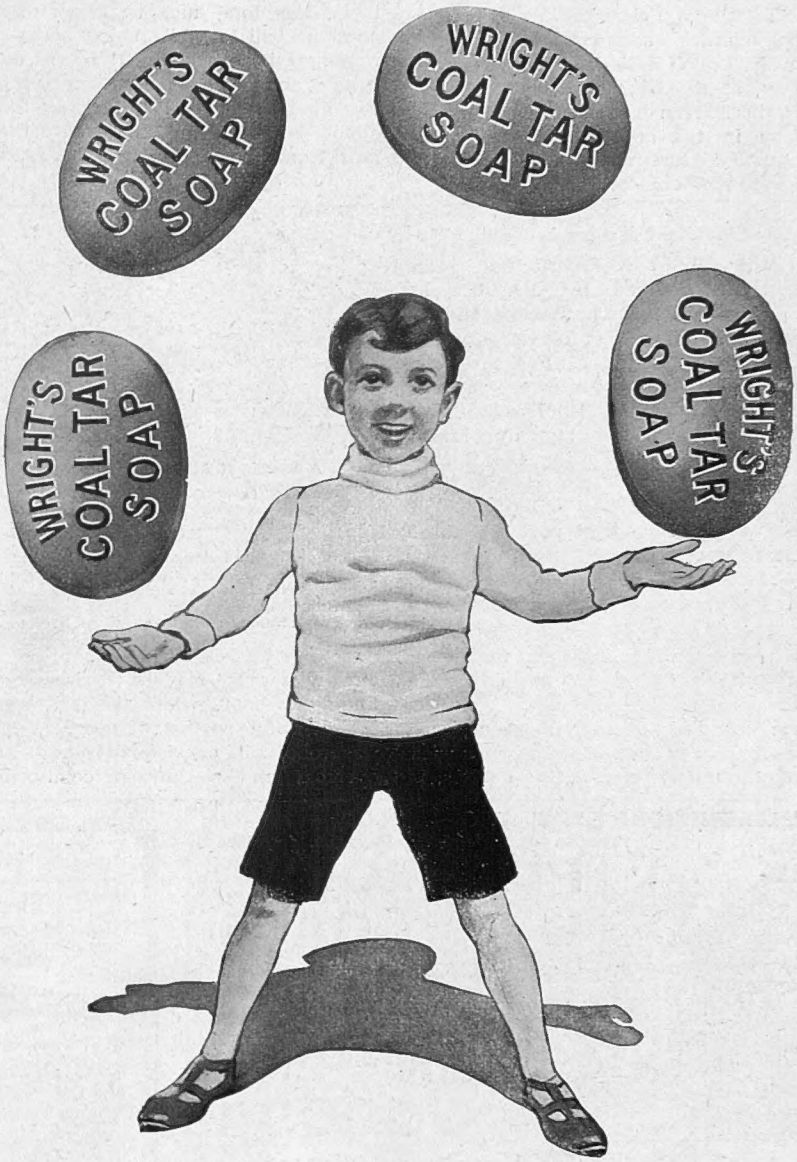

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The Editor's Box

Souvenir Night of "Don"

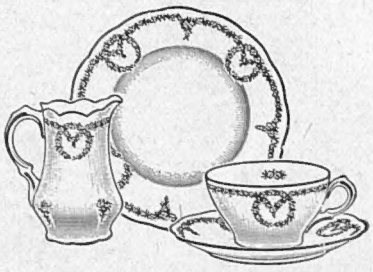
Tuesday, February 1, was the one hundred and twenty-fifth night of Mr. Rudolf Besier's brilliant comedy, *Don*, at the Kingsway Theatre. Mr. Herbert Trench presented to every lady in the audience that night a beautiful hand-painted "Blue Bird" fan to mark the occasion.

Miss Winifred Emery in Vaudeville

Miss Winifred Emery has been specially engaged by Mr. Oswald Stoll to appear at the London Hippodrome for a number of weeks, commencing on Monday, February 21, when she will produce an entirely new one-act play, called *The Dressing-Room*, written for her by James Bernard Fagan. During the Shakespeare Memorial Week at Stratford-on-Avon Miss Emery will appear in one of her favourite parts, that of Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Forewarned is Forearmed

The vagaries of our climate render it very difficult to decide on the choice of suitable attire—the morning finds the weather mild yet wet. A rubber mackintosh is, on such occasions, very useful, but at the same time, even with all the modern ventilating devices, is not a really desirable protection, and it is, therefore, nice to know of a garment which, while being actually rainproof, is yet made of cloth and not rubber, and which, should the temperature change, as we all know ours does almost hourly, is an ample protection both from cold and wet. To those of our numerous readers desirous of finding a coat, which is really an indispensable portion of every man's wardrobe, and one which is both an overcoat and a raincoat combined, we can with every confidence recommend the now famous "Raynrezysta" garments, of which Messrs. Harry Hall, of 205, Oxford Street, and 21-31, Eldon Street, Moorgate, are the originators and only makers. They range in price from 30*s.* to 50*s.*, and are indispensable for all outdoor pursuits in both rain or shine.



A Bargain at Alfred Pearce's Sale

This dainty Tea Service of fine Porcelain, with charming border of crimson-pink roses and green leafage with gold edges, consists of forty pieces and is for twelve persons. During Alfred B. Pearce and Co.'s sale at 39, Ludgate Hill, E.C., these services are being sold at the absurdly low price of 14*s.* 9*d.* There are endless other bargains, and we strongly recommend our readers to attend the sale

Are you Asthmatic?

If so, send for the booklet with the above title, which may be obtained post free from Messrs. Potter and Clarke, Ltd., whose asthma remedies are so well-known, of 60, 62, and 64, Artillery Lane, E. This little book deals with the cause, treatment, and cure of asthma, bronchitis, whooping cough, and other lung troubles. During this treacherous weather, this booklet, together with some of Potter and Clarke's remedies, will be found invaluable.

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